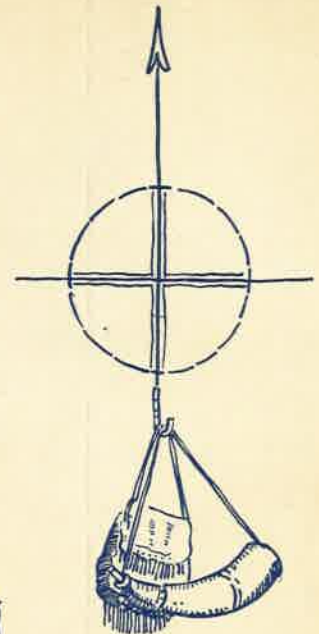


ANNEXED FROM MASSACHUSETTS IN 1747



PROVIDENCE

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE



SAM PATCH



THE RAMTAIL FACTORY HAUNT



'GRAMMA' AUSTEN



PERRY DAVIS



DR. HIGGINBOTTOM

WARWICK



HOG ISLAND



BEACH POND DAY



THE SAUNDERSES BOATBUILDERS



TRADING POST



'GRAMPA REYNOLD'S BUSY NIGHT



COUNTRY

GREAT SWAMP FIGHT



CARD'S SHOP



THE VIKINGS



CAPTAIN MIDD

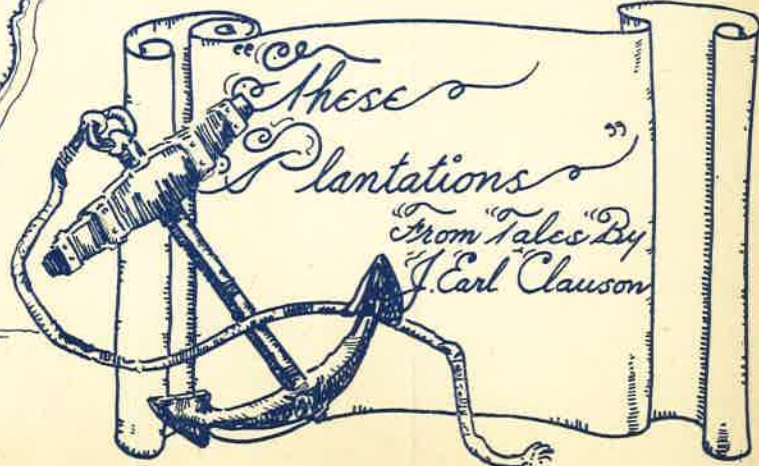


NEWPORT

THE EXETER BOY WHO BECAME A KING



NARRAGANSETT





J. EARL CLAUSON

THESE PLANTATIONS

By

J. EARL CLAUSON



WITH A FOREWORD BY
SEVELLON BROWN
AND ILLUSTRATIONS
BY MILTON HALLADAY
AND PAULE LORING

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F O R E W O R D

Fifty-eight years ago some Journal editorial writer penned these lines:

“Whatever would benefit the interests of Rhode Island, or exalt her fame, or illustrate her history, whatever would preserve the memory of her past worthies, or urge the living generation to emulate their example, we have endeavored to seize and improve.”

James Earl Clauson was an essential part of the Journal institution in the pursuit of those objectives in his time. Of his contributions, I often thought it was providential that we should have had his unique power to bring alive the spirit of an earlier, and perhaps a hardier, day as an influence upon our beloved State in years of exceptional transition and tribulation.

I despair of ever having it widely understood how those of us who have chosen service under the relentless task-master of the daily newspaper regard our avocation as an exceptional opportunity to reconcile the ideal of public and altruistic service with the responsibilities that go with the conduct of large business. So it has been written into our tradition, “We have always regarded the Journal as an institution, as well as a property, and for no personal advantage have we overlooked that policy, or sacrificed its reputation to its profit.” It is in the opportunity that our business success affords to support and encourage and bring forth the work of such men as James Earl Clauson that we find our compensation and our pride in the Journal as an institution.

The traditional spirit of Rhode Island lived in all his work, its extreme individualism in his gentle humor, its independence and its hardihood in the strength of his simple prose. At a time of hot dispute upon what should be our future course when we were far too apt to lose sight of the values and virtues built into our community life by all that had gone before in our history as a State, he gave us all to see the precious heritage that is ours.

So vivid a portrayal of the traditional Rhode Island should have a greater respect than its transient publication in the daily newspaper. It should be preserved between covers for it is worth reading and re-reading. It is a work to be kept on the table beside the fireplace that we may go back again and again to this tale or that sketch and never

forget that this was Rhode Island. For the worth of the history of Rhode Island — and we should not forget that Lord James Bryce accredited its historical value as highest among the original 13 colonies — does not lie in its glory or its glamour but in its idiosyncratic character. Rhode Island was and is, and probably always will be, unique. Any student of its life today can see that it offers in a laboratory form, so to speak, many of the problems of modern industrialism — of the City-State — that are going to be the problems of the nation when we are a bit older and our population more congested. So, in the past, Rhode Island represented in extreme form the problem of reconciliation of individualism and independence with order and centralized authority. Born of the strange amalgamation of the pure and irreconcilable idealism of Roger Williams with a commercial spirit and enterprise that was exceptional even in New England, Rhode Island has always represented a conflict, a clash, a struggle and finally a law unto itself. Whether we know it or not that is why we love Rhode Island. Mr. Clauson made these conflicts of the past live for us, not as a formal historian, but by picking up odd bits here and there. Thereby he deepened our understanding of Rhode Island's past and greatly enriched and strengthened us as the Rhode Islanders of today. Our tribute to him is this presentation of selections from his work.

— *Sevellon Brown*

All but two or three of the essays in this collection were selected for publication in book form by Mr. Clauson before his death. At that time he wrote of his own selections as follows:

"The tales, sketches, essays or whatever they may prove to be which make up this volume have been chosen from a much larger number written for, and published in, the Evening Bulletin of Providence under the heading, "These Plantations." They are reprinted here with the generous permission of the Providence Journal Company, which bought and paid for them. If a dedication is in order it shall be to all Rhode Islanders, those fortunate enough still to live here and those whose duties have taken them elsewhere, yet wherever they wander never rest from a little fever of longing for this favored state; to natives of these shores and hills and to such as are Rhode Islanders in spirit, although never having seen Market Square or the State House dome alight against a frosty sky, or the elm shaded Brown campus — Rhode Islanders of the spirit because they approve the doctrine of live and let live on which our commonwealth has been built."

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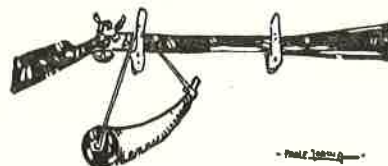
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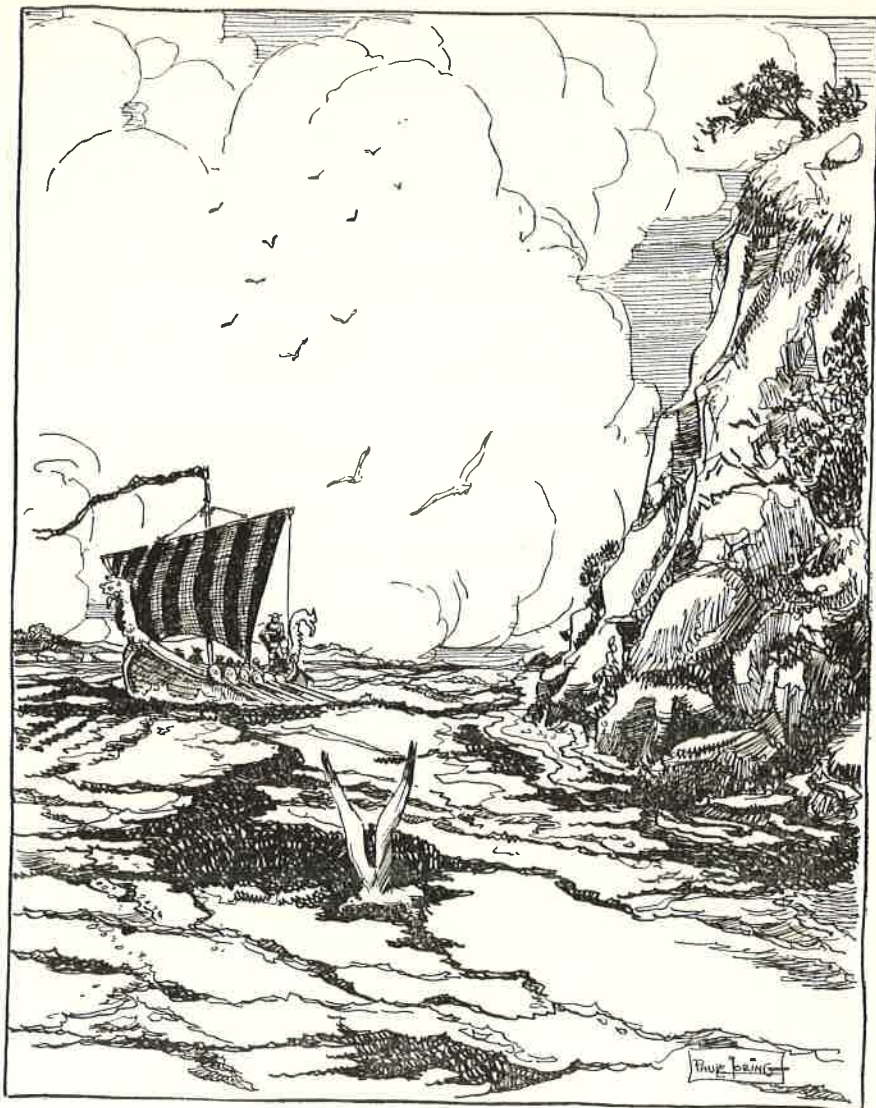
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I N T H E B E G I N N I N G





THE VIKINGS AND THE WEST PASSAGE

The Vikings

RHODE ISLAND was given away for the first time in 1583, 91 years after Columbus. This came to light when William B. Goodwin of Hartford, best known hereabouts for his shovel work at Fort Ninigret, Charlestown, by which he buttressed his thesis that that monument was originally a Dutch trading post, spoke before the Rhode Island Historical Society on Norembega.

Norembega City is a more or less mythical spot taking its name from Norawegia or something of the sort as corrupted by people who didn't care how they spelled. Mr. Goodwin located Norembega City as a trading post at the junction of the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers; the chief local interest in his paper lay in a deed he had dug up in the British Records Office.

This was from Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Sir Charles Peckham and son granting a tract of a million and half acres west from Narragansett Bay, therein referred to as the Dee River. Peckham had financed an exploring expedition Gilbert planned. Queen Elizabeth said it was all right with her to give Gilbert the land to do with as he pleased.

"Give him what you like," she probably said. "It isn't mine anyway. And send in Essex as you pass out."

Be that as it may, Mr. Goodwin established a pretty strong case that Norembega was Rhode Island and the land westward to a point beyond the Connecticut. Since the name is presumably a hang-over from Viking establishment in the new world, locating the place helps to circumscribe a little the inquiry as to where it was the Ericsson boys and their comrades landed.

Our reason for bringing up the subject at this moment is that lately we came into possession of a battle axe. From the known facts about it we advance modestly, without fear of successful refutation, the theory that Leif Ericsson's settlement, known to us archaeologists as Leif's Booths, was either at Saunderstown or a bit south of there.

First as to the axe. It's an honest-to-goodness battle axe, 11 inches across the blade, about the same fore and aft and weighing around 10 pounds.

The blade is nicked but serviceable. At the rear is a spike useful for breaking open steel helmets or puncturing the human skull.

It was dug up in 1889 on the site of the Saunders House at Saunderstown, when foundations were being excavated for the hostelry

which has just been torn down. You may think what you like about it; we claim it had been lying there since the Vikings had a fight with the Indians on that strand about 1003 A. D.

Leif Ericsson and his crew put out from the settlement in Greenland in 1000. After a fine long sail, pushed along the last few days and nights by a stiff nor'easter, they found refuge in a still backwater where a river drops into the ocean from a lake. There they built huts, passed the winter and, because of the abundance of grapes, named the place Vinland.

Various scholars, chiefly Norwegian, have identified Vinland with Mount Hope Bay. They point out that the entrance suggests a river flowing from a lake, and say also that Hop is the Old Norse word for lake and that Montaup, the Wampanoag name for the place, derived from the word the Vikings applied to it.

Two years later Leif's brother Thorwald borrowed Leif's boat and sailed south to see Vinland for himself. He found the huts Leif had built, made headquarters there, and his companions passed two winters and a summer at Leif's booths.

Thorwald stayed much longer — is here yet, in fact. During the summer he set out to explore nearby waters. Somewhere or other he and the other boys got into a fight with the Indians.

In the course of the scrap Thorwald got himself killed. The old saga doesn't say whether he met his death afloat or ashore, although it does indicate the Indians attacked first in canoes. Our own thought is that the Vikings would have made for the land to escape the stone-pointed arrows, thinking to make a better stand of it behind their shields. It was an arrow that caught Thorwald in a vital spot.

Arguments in support of the idea that Leif wintered on the shore of Mount Hope Bay are of the sort that you can take or leave alone. There is the name, which may or may not derive as the Scandinavians claim it does, and there is the suggestion of a lake emptying into the sea.

Also there are two inscribed rocks, Dighton and another on the Bristol shore, which Scandinavian scholars claim are Runic. Prof. E. B. Delabarre of Brown has published in a book entitled "Dighton Rock" the results of his long, thorough and scholarly study of these and other marked rocks. His conclusions are that the markings on Dighton, instead of being Runic, were made by Indians except for the name Miguel Cortereal and the date 1511, which are hard to see. These he believes were carved by a Portuguese navigator, who became leader of the Indians thereabouts.

There are two other bits of alleged evidence. One was the skeleton

in armor dug up at Fall River, which Longfellow wrote a poem about. The second is another skeleton in armor dug up on Gardner's Neck, Swansea, which like the well-known duchess has taken little part in the conversation hitherto.

Prof. Delabarre believes both of these were Indian skeletons. Their so-called armor was of copper, obtained by trading with western tribes. The Scandinavian scholars think they were Viking remains. Howard Gardner of Gardner's Neck, who has maintained a lifetime interest in Indian relics, says the armor was of brass, not copper, and where in the world would the Indians get brass?

It's all pretty tenuous and speculative, and our own suggestion as to the probable location of Leif Ericsson's settlement is equally so. Men go mad pondering the Viking puzzle.

But we pass along regardless of reputation the suggestion that the Narrow River more nearly resembles a lake discharging into the ocean than does Mount Hope Bay. The Pettaquamscutt widens, in fact, into two lakes, the lower of which in all likelihood was larger 931 years ago than it is now.

Also would a Viking long ship driven by a gale from the northeast naturally find its way into Mount Hope Bay or would it fetch up along the west shore and drop anchor in the quiet waters of Narrow River?

Then there is the battle axe from Saunderstown. We have shown it to Prof. Delabarre, Howard M. Chapin, Norman M. Isham, Randolph Bullock of the armor department of the Metropolitan Museum, and anybody else we could get to examine it. They have their own ideas. Ours is that it was Thorwald Ericsson's — and let's hear anybody disprove it.



The Narragansett Tongue

IF you happen to be one of those — we haven't met any yet — who don't know what to do with the New Leisure we suggest you too take up study of the Narragansett Indian language. A man we know (he prefers that his name be kept out of this) began studying it 20 years ago and says it's far more interesting than cross-word puzzles.

It is the Algonquin lingo really to which he has devoted himself. The Narragansetts were merely one family of the great Algonquin group which extended northward until it contacted (loathsome word) the Eskimos, and southward to Cape Hatteras, where a different tongue was spoken.

All of the aborigines within that great stretch, our authority says, spoke the same basic language with local variations. Chief Hasty-pudding from down Virginia way could understand and communicate with the chaps who fished off the Quebec shores if he happened to meet up with any and was permitted to survive. But the northerners would probably consider his pronunciations uncultured and shudder at vulgarisms of speech, which isn't very different from conditions today.

Our informant's chief interest lies in Indian place names, which are a study in themselves. He has collected some 15,000 up and down the eastern seaboard, for most of which he has found an interpretation, and may or may not publish the results of his labor.

Perhaps with the growing interest in our aboriginal predecessors the time is at hand when an author may hope to get back the cost of printing such works, but to date the predictable sale is only about 200. They circulate among specialized libraries and museums.

Place names offer a good cross-word puzzle substitute because they are susceptible of analysis and always have an applicable meaning. Such a word as Narragansett, which puzzled Roger Williams, is really simple to the student. It has the -et termination, which means place; taken as a whole it means crossing place.

It was applied to that stretch of land where an Indian who had followed in his canoe the protected ponds could cross over from the Great Salt Pond to the Pettaquamscutt River, avoiding Point Juidth and the long reach of beaches to the westward. In time the name was adopted by the people who lived in and about the crossing place.

The termination -aug signifies water. Thus Mashapaug means

large pond; Quacumpaugh means marshy pond; Apponaug has usually been interpreted as meaning roasting place by the water, but our place name authority suspects it may signify a place where one or more bodies of inclosed water are found.

There are in fact, two fresh water ponds at Apponaug, and the cove itself making up from Cowesett Bay is pretty well shut in. That's one of the puzzles which call for a bit of thinking — like extinct bird in three letters.

Wannamoisett (the -et termination) has been translated as good fishing place, but again there is doubt. Reasonably so, because the golfing at Wannamoisett is better than the fishing except in the water hole, where you can gather lost balls. Agawam is simple; it is "place to go ashore." Springfield, Mass., was Agawam in its early days, and just above were the falls of the Connecticut.

Weybosset, as everyone ought to know, means ford; it was there the Pequot and Wampanoag Trails connected. Watchemoket means headland, and must have been applied to Fort Hill, that elevation on the east bank of the river along Barrington Parkway. Neutaconkanut means headland pushed up — that is, a mountain.

You get the idea, perhaps — a base word with a descriptive word or two attached. Like Pettaquamscutt, the round rock which sticks out prominently on the east face of Tower Hill; quamscutt means rock and the rest was description. Quonset means point; Choppequonset means point cut off, and may have been Gaspee's earlier name.

We do the same thing ourselves, but separate the words. If we wrote it Collegehill, the hill with the college on it, we would be doing it injun fashion. Or we might go farther and say Collegemuchsteephill.

Zest is added to the game of deciphering Indian place names by the fact that the people who used the language couldn't be bothered with writing and spelling and every white ear heard the word a little differently. Roger Williams was the most careful and accurate of the recorders. His "Key" is still standard.

Another hurdle is offered by the fact that sometimes Indian place names were transported bodily from their original environment. Sidney S. Rider's Map of the Indian Lands gives Ashawaug as the name of the entire Wood River; the word means forks of the river and must have been applied in the beginning to the junction of the Wood River and the Pawcatuck.

There is no letter L in the Indian tongue, said our informant. As for the language itself, he considers it as good as any and better than most.

It is highly inflected, has the present, past, perfect and completed perfect in conjugations, a complete assortment of subjunctives, and perhaps a gerund and gerundive, although we've forgotten what they were. A good many words are spoken back in the neighborhood of the soft palate, and if you have pronunciation difficulties it might help to have your tonsils removed. But that's not obligatory.

The language lends itself to metaphor and oratory. Beginning students will be well advised, however, to confine themselves to interpreting place names. They will find it splendid practice and in no time at all be making themselves tiresome to acquaintances by explaining things.



The Pequot Trail

ASKED lately whether the Pequot Trail, chief Indian highway across Rhode Island, followed precisely the route of the Boston Post road between Providence and New London, we turned with the instinct of a homing pigeon to Alonzo R. Williams for the answer. Mr. Williams's vocation is directing the transportation lines of Providence and vicinity; his avocation — or one of them — is Indians.

This interest was rather thrust upon him when, some time ago, he was asked to speak before the Society of Colonial Wars. The organization is made up of descendants of those who fought Indians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and anyone else who annoyed them in the days before the Revolution.

Indians seemed to Mr. Williams a more fruitful topic for a talk than Frenchmen and Spaniards. His address was so successful that he was called on repeatedly thereafter to deliver it until at length, tiring of the pastime, he had it printed. Now when anybody asks him to give it again he hands out a copy of his booklet.

In the course of preparing his talk Mr. Williams delved into all available sources of information about the redskins of these parts, which is how he happens to be now a well of knowledge. Like about the Pequot Trail, for example.

He was surprised, as you would be if you looked into the matter, to find that nobody has ever gone to the trouble of collating systematically even the little that has been handed down to us about our forerunners in these plantations. There is a little here and a little there, like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, awaiting the patient industry of a student to piece them together.

You will find a sketch, interesting but inadequate, in Elisha R. Potter's "Early History of the Narragansett Country." Roger Williams's "Key" is a grand source book as far as it goes. The late Sidney S. Rider made a map of Indian place names in Rhode Island, and Clarence S. Brigham listed a good many.

But after you have double-checked all the scraps in these and other dependable authorities you will find plenty of holes in your puzzle picture. Then you turn as Mr. Williams did to all other available books, digging out one new lead here and another there, mention of a place not elsewhere named perhaps, and after a long time feel competent at least to speak with the average man you meet in the street about our copper-bred brother.

The Pequot Trail from Providence to New London was named after the Pequots instead of after the Narragansetts, through whose territory it runs, because it ran to Pequot, now New London, their headquarters. The Pequots were a restless tribe, ranging back and forth in search of the elusive clam, tautog, squiteague, scuppaug, trade or trouble.

The Narragansetts were a home-loving lot who knew they had a good country and were content to stay there. They shifted their abodes from season to season but not to great distances. Summers they planted corn, beans and squash and had to stick around until the crops were gathered.

Around Boston and Plymouth were the Wampanoags and near the east shore of the bay Wampanoags and various small sub-tribes. They also used the great highway to the ocean.

The Wampanoag Trail ran from the neighborhood of Boston to Providence. Probably there was another beyond leading into the country of the Penobscots; we haven't got as far north as that yet. Indian trade was carried on along these routes, and exchange of messages. Although each tribe had its own territory very clearly delimited, it is likely that when they were at peace with one another, which after all must have been most of the time, it was understood that a Pequot could travel safely in Narragansett country and vice versa.

Providence was reached from the north by a ford over the Seekonk where the Red Bridge stands. From there travelers followed a trail not now traceable to the height of land at Meeting and Prospect streets. That was the southern terminus of the Wampanoag trail.

From that hill Indians could look down on Market Square, where the Woonasquatucket and Moshassuck joined, to make certain that everything was all right before going farther. There was a ford at Market Square, and they called the place Wayposit, or the crossing place, whence, etc.

The Pequot Trail started from Market Square. Between there and Eddy street, where there was rising land, was marsh. Indians didn't like getting their moccasins wet any better than you do, but they managed to pick out dry spots along the line of Weybosset street and, having found them, kept on using them.

There was quite a hill in the neighborhood of Empire street. From there it was dry traveling most of the way to the Pawtuxet.

The trail probably left Broad street somewhere near Roger Williams Park, veering to the right, because the river at the falls was too

deep and swift to ford. But up above the falls, about midway between Broad street and Elmwood avenue, a crossing place was found. From there the trail held along Warwick avenue until it was necessary to bear right and get around the head of East Greenwich Bay.

This carried the traveler through Apponaug, "the roasting place." Clams were abundant thereabouts, and bakes were the favorite outdoor sport of the natives. Sometimes now when the earth is turned up great deposits of shells from Indian feasts are uncovered.

Below Apponaug the Pequot Trail followed the line of the present Post Road closely to Allenton. It passed along the edge of Devil's Foot, near which Canonicus, the wise old chief who was Roger Williams's friend, had his "castle." A couple of miles south it skirted Cocumcussoc where Indians clustered in villages at the head of the cove.

Below Matunuck the trail probably bent farther south than the present Post Road, carrying travelers closer to the ocean. An Indian doing his 15 or 20 miles a day when he felt energetic was always assured of a meal if he had a handful of parched corn and could dig a few clams.

Near Charlestown Salt Pond the trail swung north again to Cross's Mills to join the Post Road route once more. From there on it followed the present automobile highway pretty faithfully to New London, or Pequot as it was then.

Beyond that, holding to the westward, was the Mohegan Trail. And feeding into all of these sections were other smaller trails from villages or favorite fishing and hunting grounds.

All in all it was a pretty complete system of public roads, without any commission to lay it out or expense for upkeep. Williams's remark about the Pequot Trail is worth remembering — "the trail carved out of the solid rock by the moccasined feet of traveling tribes."



Red Men at Work

THERE is a spot a couple of rods in diameter on a sunny slope overlooking the Wickford north cove — Mill Cove is the right name — where each spring the plough turns up enough clam shell chips to whiten the dark earth. If we read the signs correctly it was here the wampum maker worked.

He was the mint master of his village, and in this favored locality the village must have been a large one. He broke the black eye out of the quahaug shell and fashioned it into tiny cylindrical beads pierced to string on deer sinew.

With power drills this would have been no job at all, but with what he had to do with must have been a task to try the patience. He had to hold the shell fragment, about an eighth of an inch in diameter, in a groove in a block of wood while he rounded it, then drill it longitudinally. Black wampum was worth twice as much as the white, which was made from periwinkle shells.

Very likely the eye of the quahaug shell was pierced first, and then ground down. Thus only one bead could be made from a shell. This wampum was used as currency by Indians 600 miles back from the seacoast, and by the early whites for some time after settlement. A six-foot string of black wampum was worth a pound sterling, and of white half that.

We hope we're right in thinking there is interest in an effort to picture a little of the life of the Narragansett before the English came. In the spring they would be returning to the shore, which they had left at the onset of winter to set up their villages in the woods, where the edge of the north wind was dulled a little.

There hardly can be any question that this return to the shore was a very happy time in Indian life. Now food would be plentiful again, the food they liked best — clams and fish — and Cowtantowit, their chief deity, would send the southwest wind to warm them. There's no record of such a thing, but it is reasonable to believe they celebrated the break-up of winter with a religious festival, just as in the autumn they had a Thanksgiving Day to express appreciation of the crops they had gathered.

After their village had been set up every man and woman went about his or her appointed task. The men were all specialists; most of them hunted and fished, but each community had its maker of wam-

pum, its man or men who made bows, others who made arrows, and so on. Probably all of them could do these things for themselves after a fashion, but not expertly.

Gardening was the women's job. The braves helped break up the ground, that being work requiring strength. They had for this purpose a sort of wooden pickaxe fashioned by binding a sharpened stick into a cleft handle.

No individual owned any land. If there was any dispute about a garden plot the sachem settled it. The Indians were very definite about the bounds of their tribal lands; the Narragansetts knew precisely where their territory met that of the Pequots, and permitted no hunting by other tribesmen in their country. A Pequot might catch fish within reason, but couldn't kill a deer.

The laws of private property as the English understood them were a closed book to the Indians. There is great reason to doubt they had any clear idea of what they were doing when they ceded vast tracts to the whites.

Corn was the Indian's staple crop and his staff of life. Red men had been raising it so many hundreds of years that agricultural science never has been able to locate its wild ancestors. A fossil ear well filled out found in Peru gives an idea of this grain's antiquity.

Not only did they raise quantities of corn, but they understood its culture so well that later experimenters have improved methods imperceptibly, if at all. The Indians had all the primary varieties grown today, early, main crop, white flint, dent, blue corn and the rest.

Early settlers have left testimony of the care bestowed on growing crops. Squaws grubbed around the hills with a flat stone. Not a weed was permitted to grow, and the Indians around Plymouth taunted the settlers there with the untidy condition of their fields.

The other common crops were squash of several varieties, the crookneck as well as the winter squash; pumpkins and beans. The family trees of squash and pumpkins are another thing we know nothing about. They have the appearance of tropical plants acclimated to these latitudes.

Beans on the other hand have plenty of cousins among indigenous legumes so that their evolution under cultivation is not difficult to understand.

The great enemy of the newly planted fields in the Narragansett country, according to one writer, was the blackbird, which we understand to be the common grackle. The crow was something of a nuisance, but could not be harmed because it had brought the poor In-

dian his first corn and beans, a kernel in each ear, as a gift from Cowtantowit. Hence it was semi-sacred.

But the blackbird, which must have been much more numerous then than now, descended on the sprouting corn in flocks of thousands. The writer just referred to says the red men kept trained hawks to defend them against such onslaughts.

Often the preparation of the fields for planting was made an occasion for a get-together of neighboring villages. The men and women of one would show up for work on an appointed day, and hours of labor would wind up with a feast and dance. "A good time was had by all."

There was one crop which, for reasons not clearly understood, was strictly masculine. That was tobacco. Warriors planted it, cultivated and dried it. The noxious weed had either a semi-sacred or a religious character, and the women of a tribe had no share in religious observances.

Whether squaws were supposed to go to heaven when they died along with warriors nobody has made clear. Probably they were. Heaven wouldn't be heaven without any women around.

This is part of the picture we visioned sitting on the sun-warmed slope where the wampum maker's chips lie. There was a spring-fed pool at the foot of the slope, and a few tepees near it.

Most of the village was planted nearer the cove, not far from where a brook pours down which furnished the redskins with water. Between the wampum maker and this settlement the fields were being prepared for the planting.

Squaws and the larger children were treading out quahaugs and digging clams along the shore. Dugout canoes were hauled out above high tide mark, and a few already had been launched. Some of the warriors were hunting, others were mending net to be prepared for the run of salmon and shad just about due, and plenty were sitting in the sun smoking long-stemmed pipes of carved soapstone.

We found it an interesting scene and stayed some time watching it.



William Blackstone

ROGER WILLIAMS is Rhode Island's founder; its very first English settler, as you ought to know, was William Blackstone, who built and occupied his home at Lonsdale in 1635, a year before Roger Williams and his companions were welcomed by the Indians at Slate Rock. Almost as many things have been named after the former as the latter — a cigar, river, boulevard, canal, bank and other places, things and commodities in Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

While Blackstone's settlement antedated that of Williams by a year, there's a sharp distinction to observe between the historical importance of the two events. Blackstone was a pioneer, but didn't start anything; Williams did.

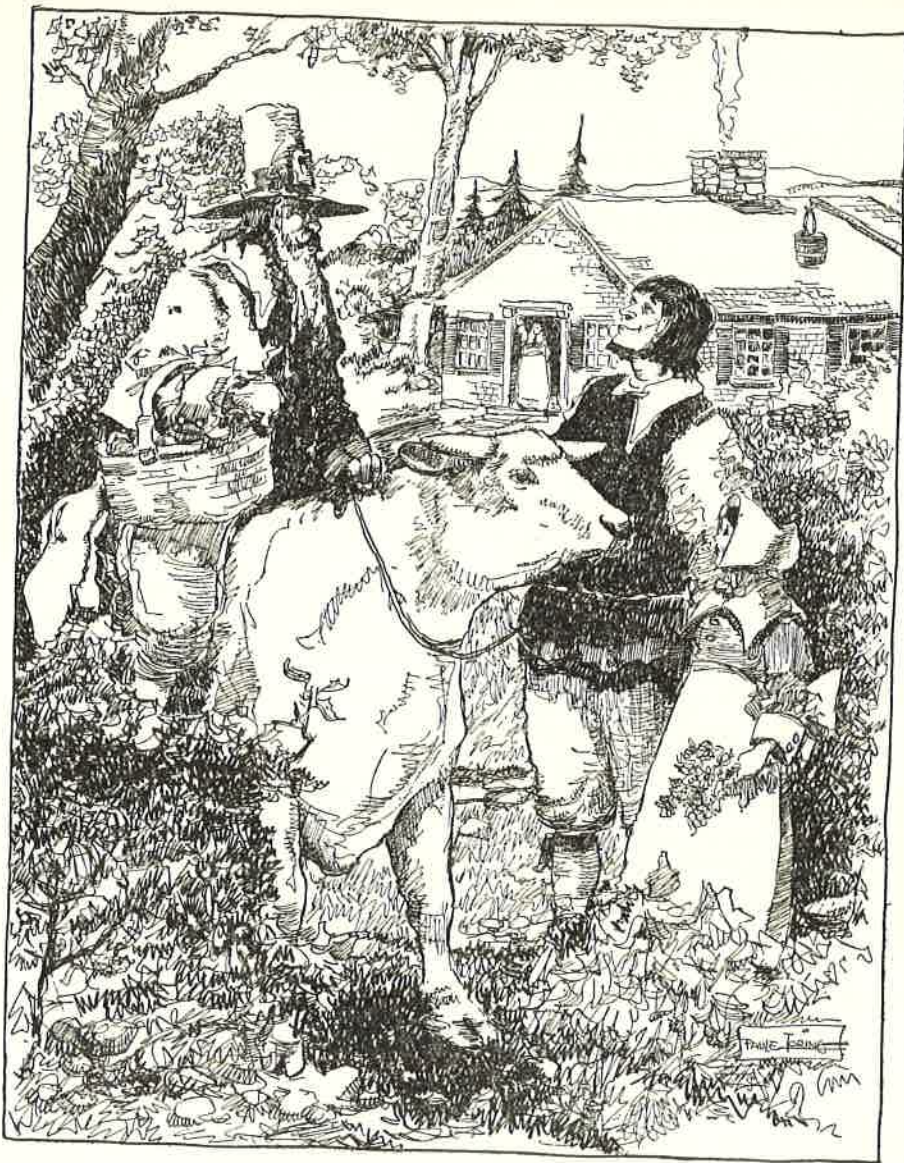
All Blackstone asked was to be left alone, while Roger, fired by a red hot idea, attracted others and had the lion's share in moulding them into a State.

We would know a good deal more about Blackstone but for the Indians. A few days after his death in 1675 they burned his hermitage at Study Hill, together with his library, the best in the colonies, and whatever writing he had done during his long life of seclusion. He is said to have owned 200 bound books and a number of pamphlets. At collector's prices they might bring enough today to pay for completing the Providence filtration plant.

But the little we do know makes Blackstone one of the most interesting characters in the days of the colony's beginnings. Whatever it takes to make a hermit he had.

Sometimes we think the outstanding characteristic of a bona-fide hermit is sheer laziness. Yet that seems not to have been Blackstone's ailment because he built a house with his own hands, kept a herd of cows, planted an orchard and trained a mouse-colored bull to the taddle. He appears to have been one of those solitary souls who want so get away from it all and achieve an outstanding realization of his desire.

He was a promising young clergyman of 28 when in 1623 he came to America with the Robert Gorges expedition. Gorges had the idea of establishing an Episcopal colony where Boston is now. The rest of the party soon tired of the wilderness and went back, but Blackstone liked it and stayed.



WM. BLACKSTONE AND HIS TAME BULL

He had such supplies as they left him; and some cattle. His cows he pastured on a 46-acre clearing which later became Boston Common. It was very peaceful and quiet, he made friends with the Indians, and probably he was perfectly happy until after seven years of undisturbed solitude Winthrop and his companions came along looking for a good stopping place.

They brought all the finely spun theological arguments for which their colony became famous later. Worst of all from Blackstone's viewpoint, they insisted on acceptance of their ideas.

He stuck it out for five years and then, in 1635, sold the Puritans his holdings and moved on to where he could live undisturbed once more, "each inhabitant paying him sixpence and some of them more." He couldn't have made much on the deal.

Perhaps in his own wanderings, perhaps through his friends the Indians, he had learned of the spot in Lonsdale where he settled. He named it Study Hill. It was then an elevation about a quarter of a mile long, sloping down to the river's edge and covered with a growth of chestnut trees.

There was a good spring. Across the river which became known later as the Blackstone a small brook emptied into the larger stream. There was wonderful fishing. Herring and no doubt salmon ran up the river in the spring, and in the brooks were plenty of trout.

The hermit collected at Boston a herd of cattle and proceeded slowly along the shady Indian trail to Lonsdale. It was May — the year 1635. Some artist might make an agreeable picture of the meditative parson, astride his mouse-colored bull, his books and sundries strapped on other cattle, proceeding down the leafy aisles in that long ago spring. It would be grand on a calendar.

For a number of years a venerable oak encircled by an iron railing about 100 yards from the Lonsdale railroad station marked the traditional site of Blackstone's home. He planted an orchard, the earliest, legend says, ever to bear fruit in Rhode Island. In his orchard he had "the first of the sort called yellow sweetings that were ever in the world, perhaps, the richest and most delicious apple of the whole kind."

It may be assumed from that that Blackstone was the Luther Burbank of his day, since only by crossing and grafting could he have developed this superlative fruit. It is altogether likely that he was just that; educated hermits usually are botanists and naturalists. It keeps them from brooding over the fact that they're hermits.

As late as 1830 three of his apple trees were living and two bore.

Farmers came from the countryside around to get grafts from these trees because of their historical interest.

After the arrival of Williams he and Blackstone became good friends. Roger was one of those live and let live boys. When he had his trading post at Cocumcussoc in the Narragansett Country well established he got Blackstone down to conduct a service for the Indians. It was the forerunner of Episcopal service in Rhode Island.

It must have interested the Narragansetts a good deal to see the clergyman riding along the Pequot Path on his bull; no doubt what he told them puzzled them a good deal, too. The story is that after his first venture it became a monthly practice of his to make the long trip from Study Hill to Cocumcussoc.

Later he held services in Providence.

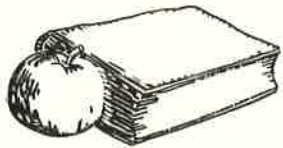
All this time Blackstone was a bachelor, which is the ideal state for a hermit. How he got acquainted with the Widow Sarah Stevenson of Boston there's no record. But in 1659, when the parson was 64 years old, he married and took his bride to Study Hill. The next year a son, John, was born to them.

They lived together for 16 years, until Blackstone's death in 1675. After the Indian war was over mother and son went back to the home place. In 1692 the son sold the property and moved to Providence, where he became a shoemaker.

Later descendants made their homes at Branford, Conn., and in New York State, where there are some today.

When ground was being cleared for the Ann and Hope Mill there were two yellow stones at the southerly foot of the hill. They were traditionally markers of the burial places of Blackstone and his pet bull.

The stones were removed and the earth was carefully upturned under the personal direction of R. H. I. and William Goddard and their superintendent, G. W. Pratt. Some nails, bones and bits of decayed wood came to light. These were reburied in the mill yard on the railroad side, with a monument to the memory of the hermit parson. And that comprises about all that's known of a unique character.



Roger Williams's Trading Post

SOUVENIRS distributed to members of the Rhode Island Society of Colonial Wars at their annual dinner meeting served another end besides one of interest and instruction. They emphasized anew the frequency with which some quite untenable historical untruth is repeated until at length it becomes accepted fact and is incorporated in printed books by men who ought to know better.

The souvenirs were handsomely printed brochures titled "The Trading Post of Roger Williams." Howard M. Chapin, curator of the Rhode Island Historical Society, was the author.

In his essay Mr. Chapin records the first scientific effort ever made to determine precisely where it was the great founder set up shop and from perhaps even as early as 1636, the year of his arrival on these shores, until 1651 bought from and sold to the redskins.

The author's conclusion, fortified by argument it will be difficult to confute, is that the Williams trading post, instead of being on the site of the Fones house just north of Devil's Foot on the Post Road, where tradition has placed it, was precisely where the Cocumcussoc farm house is today.

For the past century anybody who has had the curiosity to inquire has been told that it was just north of Devil's Foot rock. An ancient yellow farm house stands there now. If the informant felt like elaborating he pointed out the well from which Roger drank, and the site of the beaver meadow where he got his furs.

Yet the sole foundation for this widely accepted yarn as far as Mr. Chapin could learn was a notation by Elisha Potter in his own copy of his History of Narragansett, reading:

"W. Updike says Wms' trading house was where Royal Vaughn last lived north of Spink's Tavern. John C. Reynolds lives there now 1845."

Reading Williams's letters dated sometimes Narragansett, sometimes Cocumcussoc, Mr. Chapin ran across one written in 1649 in which the founder said to John Winthrop:

"This Mr. Smith's pinnace (that rode here at you being with us) went forth the same morning to Newport."

The wording — note the word "here" — suggested to the historian that the pinnace was visible from Williams's trading post. It certainly would not be visible from the Devil's Foot location, two miles north.

Also, Mr. Chapin reflected, why would Williams, who owned both a sailboat and a canoe, traveled largely by water and had to transport supplies and trade goods by boat, plant himself two miles from the nearest navigable water?

Another point supporting his doubts was that Williams spoke of keeping goats on a small island. Rabbit Island (formerly Queen's) which lies at the head of Mill Cove, Wickford, and is part of Cocumcussoc Farm, almost certainly was the one referred to. But if Roger wanted to keep goats he wouldn't settle down two miles away from them.

Thereupon Mr. Chapin began searching the deeds of the piece of land whereon tradition located Williams's trading post. We needn't go into that save to say that he ran the titles back without a skip to cession of the land to Gov. Winthrop by Coginaquond, an Indian sachem, and the name of Williams did not appear.

The only way to puncture this line of argument is by challenging some of the descriptions in the ancient deeds. Boundaries named by the old timers are sometimes hard to follow.

Mr. Chapin gets around this neatly, however, by showing that neither Williams nor Richard Smith, who bought Williams out, ever owned the piece of land Wilkins Updike told Elisha Potter was the site of the trading post.

The argument by which Mr. Chapin locates the trading post on the exact spot where the Cocumcussoc farm house stands now is ingenious and not easily controverted. You will recall — at least we hope you will — that in 1651 Roger wanted to go to England to fight the charter William Coddington had obtained. He was hard up and the colony was harder. So he sold out to Smith for 50 pounds and used the money for expenses.

Richard Smith is generally credited with being the first settler in the South County. North Kingstown accepts 1641 as the date, but it's a debatable one. It probably was 1639, or it may be, as Mr. Chapin points out, that Williams was the first settler and started business the same year he landed in Providence.

But the year of Smith's purchase of the trading post and the amount he paid are of record. The question then arises, says Mr. Chapin, of what he got for his 50 pounds. If it was land he wanted he could have bought everything in sight from the Indians for 50 pounds of trade goods. The whole island of Rhode Island was bought for 40 fathoms of wampum and a few English coats for the chiefs.

It must have been Williams's house Smith wanted. Smith had a

trading post of his own near Williams's. He came and went, living at various times at Portsmouth, Newport and New Amsterdam. Williams also did a lot of shuttling between Providence and his place of business. He was the State's first commuter.

Mr. Chapin's reading of the records he has studied — and he has read them all — is that while Smith put up a trading post near Williams, the founder had the better building. It was the building Smith coveted. Williams lived at his trading post continuously from 1645 to 1651. Smith during those years was only an occasional visitor to his own post.

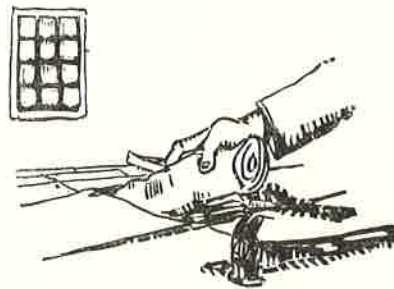
"If Williams's trading house was near Wickford Harbor and close by Smith's house," says Mr. Chapin, "and if Smith bought it because it was a better house and then moved into it and maintained it, and from time to time enlarged it, then it of necessity would follow that Williams's house was on the site of the present Cocumcussoc house, and that the present house was built on the ruins of the house which was built by Smith around the nucleus of Williams's trading house."

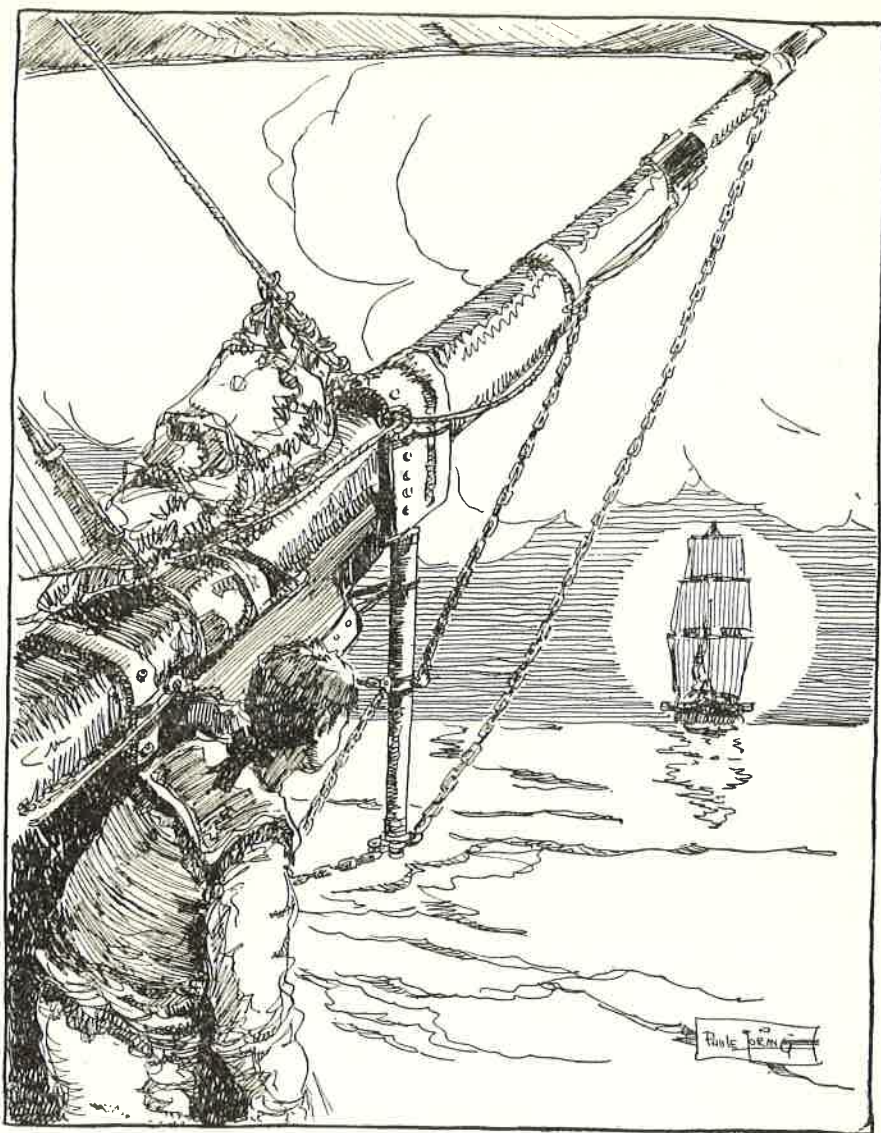
There are some interesting conclusions from Mr. Chapin's rather exciting analysis of the trading post problem. For example, if as he thinks possible Roger opened shop at the head of Wickford Cove in 1636, then North Kingstown's settlement antedates that of every other city and town in the State save Providence and Cumberland, where William Blackstone settled even earlier than Williams's arrival at Providence.

Most interesting, however, is the revelation of how a little inquiry serves to deflate legend.



RHODE ISLAND STORIES
OLD AND RECENT





J. LILLIBRIDGE GOES TO SEA

The Exeter Boy Who Became a King

THE only monuments in the town of Exeter, barring gravestones and Queen's Fort, are three monoliths set up on Exeter Hill by the late Thomas W. Bicknell in memory of some Indians who may have lived there but probably didn't. Of course there are the State Board's "Stop — Through Traffic" signs, but they don't count, either.

What the town really ought to have (and this in spite of the fact that nobody asked us) is a memorial to James Lillibridge, the only Exeter boy who became a king. It's traditional that kings rate monuments. And James Lillibridge's career was so remarkable that he is better deserving of one than kings who get their jobs by simple inheritance.

If we seem to turn back to Exeter every now and then it's because we hope to put over the idea that it's a remarkable township, full of landscape and strange tales. Like the one about Lillibridge. He ought to help some to make Rhode Island Exeter-conscious.

The Lillibridges were a very old Exeter family. There isn't one of the name in this year's taxbook, which is the town's sole directory. They have moved mostly to East Greenwich and North Kingstown.

James Lillibridge was born in the town about 1765, an illegitimate child. His mother's name was Mowry; she told him, and should have known, that his father was James Lillibridge, so he started life with that name.

He was still very small when his mother and sisters moved, he with them, to Newport, where they set up a sailors' boarding house in the Bohanna House on Long Wharf. Hints rattling down the corridors of time make the Mowrys out a bad lot.

Apparently James Lillibridge found his home life unsatisfactory. He had been apprenticed to somebody in the "mechanical trade," as the dim old record puts it, perhaps a blacksmith, but suddenly one day got fed up with the whole works, mother, sisters, home life, sailors' boarding house and the rest, and after telling his relatives what he thought of them walked out and went to sea.

This very likely was shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution. For the next 15 years or so his movements are wrapped in the obscurity which is the lot of the common seaman. Not until 1790 does his head appear above the surface again.

He had changed his name meanwhile to James Murray, a surname which sounds not unlike Mowry. Also he had become a husky, two-fisted fighter with an ambition for some line that paid better than pulling tarry ropes on a sailing vessel.

The big urge gripped him when he touched at the port of Tranquebar, on the east coast of India, well down toward Cape Comorin. Going ashore, he met some men, probably sailors, who were discussing the good luck certain Frenchmen had enjoyed after entering the service of native princes.

A hint was as good as a volume of argument to Murray in his then frame of mind. He was always one for prompt decisions.

Tranquebar was in possession of the Danes. Inland the British East India Company held spotty sway, working gradually toward complete British domination of the country. It had thrown a cordon across the peninsula to prevent foreigners, especially Americans, from breaking through to carry aid and comfort to the rajahs.

This worried the ex-Exeter boy not at all. He had heard of a prince named Holkar, rajah of Indore, northeast of Bombay, and it wasn't long before he checked in as Holkar's man.

He was then 25, powerful, fearless, ready for anything which promised entertainment and profit. The only two sources of information we have uncovered describe him as "modest and amiable," "of middling height, pleasing expression and great bodily strength and agility." Also it is added he was terrible in battle. His career indicates it.

Holkar was engaged in a series of wars with other Indian princes. Murray proved useful in these enterprises, and later when his master had conflict with the British. For 15 years, until 1805, he continued to fight for Holkar, "conspicuous for his invincible courage and undaunted presence of mind as well as for his personal prowess." Some Exeter people are like that when they get the breaks.

Meanwhile he was doing well on the financial side so that, forgetting ancient differences, he sent handsome gifts back to his mother and sisters at Bohanna House on Long Wharf.

Holkar, as was inevitable, came into conflict at length with the British. Murray fought at his side. It was out of this warfare that his split with his royal master came about.

He had captured with his own command a number of British officers. When a breathing spell in hostilities occurred Holkar set about putting these men to death. Murray objected. There was a furious argument, from which Murray emerged on the winning side, saving

the lives of the British, but so badly out of favor with the rajah that he knew he was through and decided to quit before he was fired.

Holkar's principality was large, but scattered. Murray had noted a section he fancied and decided to take over for himself. There he became a king in his own right.

Like any other business, his had to be built up slowly. Luck favored in that Holkar had other wars on his hands at the moment. At one time Murray's army consisted of only eight poorly armed men.

But he himself was as good as a division of Indian soldiers. Bit by bit he established himself over a considerable province, and when the British next clashed with Holkar Murray was able to offer them the support of an army of 7000. They welcomed it, you may be sure, although the American insisted on keeping it an independent command.

He was an ally of the British royal brother, if you please, to George the Fourth of England, and sitting in counsel with Lord Lake and the future Duke of Wellington.

His alliance lasted about a year. He was tired of India. Through all of his unprecedented experiences he had kept alive a spark of love for America and yearned to return, if only for a visit.

So after this particular war was at an end Murray dismissed his army and abandoned his throne. Perhaps he expected more gratitude from the English than they felt inclined to show him. What happened was that he, who had been king, was retired from the military service with the rank of major and the half pay of that rank.

No doubt this strengthened his purpose to return home. He had fought across India from its southernmost cape to the Persian frontier — 16 years of constant fighting. He was 41 years old. He would go back to the scenes of his childhood along Narragansett Bay.

But he would make his farewell a fitting one. At Calcutta he summoned his friends to a splendid banquet. After the last course had been served, and while the wine was singing in his head, he thought of one more bit of entertainment. He, the best swordsman and horseman of India, would jump his own mount across the dinner table and challenge the rest to duplicate the feat.

The horse was brought in and Murray mounted. He dug in his spurs and gave a shout. The horse started across the banquet hall, but its hoofs became entangled in the heavy Indian rug and it fell, Murray underneath.

The New York Gazette published a brief notice of his death, which occurred on Sept. 23, 1806. It said he was born in Rhode Island. Not

until his estate, which as transmitted totaled about \$20,000, was handed to his mother was he identified.

She and the daughters quit Long Wharf then. What became of them later this writer doesn't know. As for Lillibridge-Murray, his dust mingles with the hot sands of distant India, a bit of Rhode Island in that fabulous land, and it isn't even known where in Exeter he was born.



The Whalley Mystery

A LITTLE group of antiquarians and archeologists, including this writer, ran quite a temperature one spring lately over the question of where Theophilus Whalley lived. One school of thought, of which we are a part, believes he had a hut at the head of Pettaquamscutt Pond, on the property of Nathaniel M. Vose.

Another school, which also includes us, inclines to the idea that he resided a bit to the eastward, on the shore of Pettaquamscutt, but on what now is known as the Carpenter farm and in the days of Theophilus was Willett's.

We passed a restful afternoon in company with Mr. Vose and a couple of powerful young men armed with mattocks and shovels digging at the former location. Occasionally, to ease our backs, we straightened up and listened to the yodeling of the buckie fishermen on the nearby Gilbert Stuart brook and the mating song of the English sparrow.

These intervals were not so long as to prevent us — the two strong young men, we mean — from removing about 18 inches of top soil and organic loam and getting down to the foundation stones of a building which stood on this spot perhaps 250 years ago. We figured that the accumulation on these foundations represented just about what would have gathered since Whalley's time.

If this was indeed the place where he lived we felt that we had established two facts regarding the man of mystery. One is that he did not live in a cave, as tradition credits him with having done, but that the idea may have grown out of his use of an excavation in the side hill for the back wall of his home.

The other is that Theophilus was a tobacco addict. We built this picture of him on discovery of fragments of a clay pipe of ancient pattern. Other relics of the ancient gentleman, or whoever lived on this spot, were tiny fragments of pottery, a few heavily rusted hand-made nails, and bits of oyster shell plaster.

As may well be imagined, our long gray beards wagged vigorously over these finds.

In the event that Theophilus Whalley is not a couple of household words with any of our clientele it may be well to state that he is Rhode Island's chief man of mystery — as deep a puzzle as Iron Mask himself — and a romantic character from whichever side you look at him.

It was the earlier belief that he was one of the judges who sen-

tenced Charles the First of England to the scaffold. There were 70 members of that court, of whom 59 sat. Charles was beheaded in 1649. When Charles the Second was restored in 1660 he made it his first business to round up everybody who had helped his father to a better world.

Many were executed; some were sent to prison for life. The prudent ones fled the country, including three of the regicide judges, Goffe, Whalley (or Whaley) and Dixwell.

Goffe and Whalley hid for years in a secret room in a farm house at Hadley, Mass. Goffe wrote to England that Whalley died there and was buried under a stone wall in the back yard. Goffe himself died at Hartford. Dixwell rounded out his life in Connecticut.

The man who called himself Theophilus Whale (or Whalley) appeared in the Narragansett country about 1670. Elisha Potter says 1670-80. He was 53 years old in the former year, having been born in 1617. As close-lipped as a quahaug, a few facts nevertheless leaked out about him.

He had come to Rhode Island from Virginia, where he had married. He had seven children, and is the ancestor of the South County Whaleys and of a good many of the Hopkinses of Kent and Providence counties.

A man of university training, said to have been of Phi Beta Kappa calibre in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, he wrote letters for his neighbors, wove and fished. These occupations contributed to the support of his children. The greater part of his income, however, is supposed to have been contributions from England, brought to him periodically by prominent Boston men, who visited him in stealth.

Inevitably the neighbors talked about these visits. The ancient custom of discussing other people's affairs hasn't died out even yet, either in South County or any other part of the world we have heard of, but Theophilus never made a crack about himself. He appears to have been one of the world's champion minders of his own business.

One sweet summer afternoon the countryside around Saundertown had something special to talk about. A British man-of-war had dropped anchor in the west passage and passed an invitation to Theophilus to come aboard and take lunch.

It was rumored that a cousin of his named Whale was commander of the ship. The old man considered the proposition this way and that and allowed finally that he didn't believe he would expose himself to the perils of the trip, in view of the possibility that once aboard the ship he wouldn't be allowed ashore until it reached England.

The consequence of this discretion was that he lived to be 103 years old, dying in 1720 and receiving burial in the Hopkins family lot in West Greenwich. He had bought a farm there in his latter years which he turned over eventually to his daughter Martha, who had married a Hopkins. If you feel moved to drop a tear you will find the burying lot a step off the highway from Washington to Ten Rod Road. The grave of Theophilus is the one in the corner, laid diagonally with his feet toward the center of the lot.

This perhaps because of his height; he was more than six feet and of spare build. His character is indicated by the fact that Col. Willett, who knew him, whether he lived on his farm or just beyond the stone wall, spoke of him as "that good old man."

Colonists of the generation or two after his death apparently entertained no doubt that Whalley was one of the regicide judges, but later inquiry set up a theory that he was an officer in Hacker's regiment which guarded the scaffold on the day Charles the First lost his head. Hacker was among those executed by the second Charles. His subordinate officers had ample reason for leaving the country.

The late Charles W. Hopkins of Providence, a descendant, after carefully considering all facts concluded that Theophilus actually was Robert Whalley, younger brother of Edward Whalley, the regicide judge said to be buried at Hadley.

Robert was an officer in Cromwell's army and related to the great Oliver, his mother having been a Cromwell. Robert's age agreed with that of Theophilus. The children of Theophilus were given names common in the family of Robert Whalley; Robert had a grandmother and an aunt Joan and Theophilus called his oldest daughter Joan. His daughter Martha Hopkins named her son Robert, perhaps for her father.

What bothers us archeologists most is the statement by everybody who has done any stating that Theophilus lived on the Willett (now Carpenter) farm and according to Elisha Potter, who was almost never wrong, in an underground hut, yet one history has a picture of his home which is neither underground nor on the Willett farm, but almost surely next the Gilbert Stuart brook on Mr. Vose's land. As soon as we get the facts in the case you'll be hearing from us.



Kidd Treasure

PEOPLE who don't like stories of treasure trove should consult their family physicians without further delay. There may be other grave abnormalities. Do not trust patent medicines or household remedies.

Make a test with the tale of Thomas Paine of Conanicut Island. Having visited his one-time home and prosecuted certain inquiries there and elsewhere we hope to be able to add a little to whatever you have heard of him hitherto.

This Thomas Paine was not the iconoclast; he lived a hundred years earlier and as far as we know believed everything he was told. The other Paine believed nothing. Paine of Conanicut had been a pirate and privateer — the dividing line was practically imperceptible — and a tough, two-fisted fighter before he bought a farm on the east shore of the island, eight miles north of Jamestown village, and settled down.

In the course of his career at sea he had become friendly with Capt. William Kidd, most famous of pirates. Kidd's paramount notoriety probably grew out of stories of treasure he buried here and there. He was not as brutal as Blackbeard, not as profane as Tew, who sailed from Bristol, R. I., and was famous for his ingenuity in use of improper language, but it hardly can be denied that he won a greater name than either of those gentlemen.

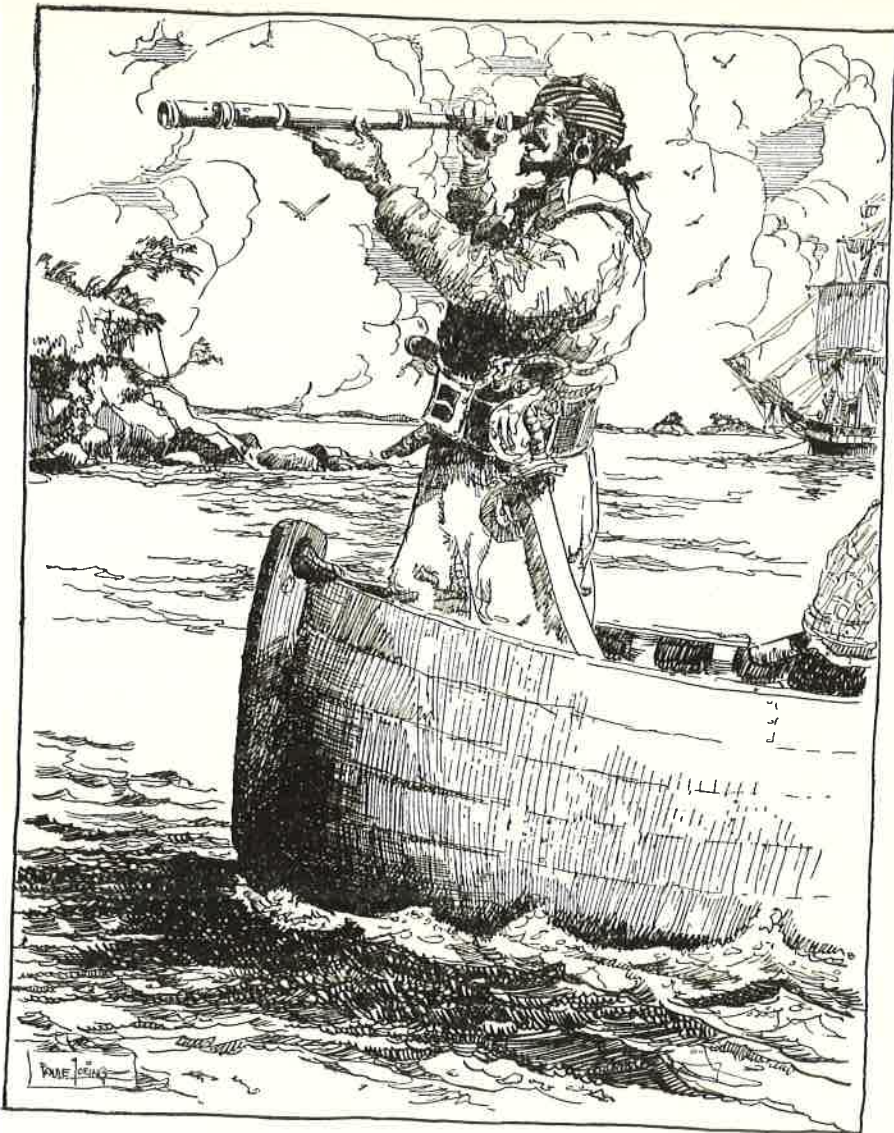
Be that as it may, what is germane to the present narrative is that Paine and Kidd perhaps had been shipmates and certainly were friends.

To refresh your memory, we recall that in 1695 Kidd, known at that time as a bold and skillful shipmaster sailing out of New York, was commissioned by a company of British merchants and ship owners to cruise against pirates who were cutting into the net earnings of honest vessels.

He sailed to the Indian Ocean, and in 1698 stories reached London that he had turned pirate himself. An order of arrest was issued against him.

In April, 1699, Kidd put in at the West Indies in the ship *Quidah Merchant*. He transferred a large amount of treasure from that ship to the smaller vessel *San Antonio*, in which he sailed north with about 40 men.

He touched at Delaware Bay and again at Oyster Bay. Toward nightfall of a day in the spring of 1699 the *San Antonio* dropped



CAPTAIN KIDD VISITS PAINE AT JAMESTOWN (Conanicut)

anchor off Conanicut Island and Kidd went ashore in a small boat for a visit with his old friend Paine.

We have Paine's word for some things that happened on that occasion. Kidd, said Paine in a deposition obtained by Lord Bellemont, Governor of the colonies, asked him to take charge of his loot while he ran around to Boston to check in with the Governor. Paine declared he replied that he had cut loose from the old life and would have nothing to do with a pirate's takings. Yes, it does sound unlikely, but that's what he said he said.

How long Kidd remained at the island we don't know. That it may have been several days is suggested by the fact that in the little Paine burying ground behind the house there stood until lately a headstone the name on which was undecipherable, but still bearing the legible words:

"Mate to Captain Kidd."

From Conanicut, Kidd, according to legend, sailed to Gardiner's Island in Long Island Sound, buried treasure, then headed for Boston, was arrested, taken to England, found guilty of piracy and murder and with nine of his crew was hanged on Execution Dock. The trial was memorable for its unfairness, the prisoners being allowed neither counsel nor witnesses.

A large part of the evidence was that collected by the industrious Lord Bellemont. It is to be read today in the Bellemont papers in the British archives. Among them is an order from Sarah Kidd, wife of the Captain and arrested with him, on Thomas Paine to give the bearer 24 ounces of gold for the comfort of herself and husband while in jail.

Why she should have felt authorized to issue an order on Paine for so large a contribution is one of the things we'd like to know.

Kidd ended his life on the gibbet, Paine in bed. Paine was buried in the family cemetery back of the house. His gravestone too has disappeared recently. The burying ground is part of the land occupied by the Providence Y. W. C. A. for a summer camp.

Paine's headstone vanished once before and was found in use as a hearthstone in a house near by. On representations it was returned to its rightful place.

The Paine house and farm are owned by Robert C. Vose, brother of Nathaniel M. Vose of Providence. They were purchased some 55 years ago by Mr. Vose's father for a summer home. He ordered extensive improvements, preserving but adding to the original house.

Running down while this work was under way to see how it was

getting along, Mr. Vose was led aside by one of the workmen who suggested that he ask the boss of the job what they had found while enlarging the cellar. In response to Mr. Vose's inquiry the boss produced an ivory tusk and an ancient coin.

The tusk is now in the museum of Tufts College, to which Mr. Vose gave it in consequence of his friendship with the then President. The coin has disappeared again. Pirate gold is notoriously restless.

How an elephant tusk came to be buried in the sand of Conanicut Island one may only surmise. Kidd operated in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. Any ship in those waters might carry ivory.

But there's a little more to the story. Soon afterward Mr. Vose's boss quit his job and bought himself a farm, for which he is said to have paid cash, although nobody ever knew before that he had the price of a farm.

There's still another anecdote, told by the man who figured in it. He was over 80 when he told the story; he was a lad of eight living with his grandmother in the house, now headquarters of the Providence Y. W. C. A. camp just over the stone wall from the Paine house, when it happened.

One afternoon a vessel dropped anchor off that shore whose appearance for some reason or other alarmed the grandmother. Except for the boy she was alone. She went to the Paine house and asked to be allowed to spend the night there.

The man of the house, who also had seen the vessel, assented readily and prepared to repel attack. He closed and locked the heavy wooden shutters, got out his flintlock and an axe and set himself to keep watch throughout the night.

During the long, dark hours, however, he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the vessel was gone. But its errand was suggested by the fact that a deep trench had been dug at the foot of the then front doorstep on the east side of the house, and from the excavation, as appeared from the imprint and rustmarks on the earth, had been dragged a heavy iron chest.



The Hannah Robinson Story

“UNFORTUNATE Hannah” Robinson’s love story seems to us the completest in all of the elements which go into the making of a great romance of the tender passion New England colonial tradition has handed down.

It has been told and retold in print, each successive writer basing his version on the preceding one, perpetuating obvious error and adding his own touches. You will find it in Wilkins Updike’s “History of the Narragansett Church”; in Shepherd Tom Hazard’s “Recollections of Olden Times”; H. L. Koopman’s “The Narragansett Country”; Alice Morse Earle’s “In Old Narragansett,” and elsewhere.

A good starting point for another telling — and we promise it shall be unadorned — is the marble slab, seldom visited today, which marks Hannah’s last resting place.

It stands a third of a mile west of the Boston Neck Road, deep in a tangle of trees and brush, four or five rods south of a seldom used farm path. You break through to the spot by crashing a maze of sumach, blueberries, bull briar and young growth, and come with a sense of surprise on an inclosure of field stone 40 feet square surrounding a sort of tumulus. This is the family vault of Rowland Robinson.

It is a sweet spot in its untended state. The birds here follow their ways fearless and undisturbed; two wild apple trees shed their white petals on the mound in May, and in autumn drop gnarled fruit for the woodchucks, whose tunnels open on every side of the vault. The marble marker says on one side that it was erected in 1885 by Gardner Mowry, great grand nephew of Rowland Robinson, the dates having been taken from Rowland Robinson’s Bible. The face of the stone carries the following names and dates:

Rowland Robinson, died Feb. 8, 1808, aged 86 years, four months.

Anstis Robinson (Rowland Robinson’s wife, nee Gardiner) died Dec. 24, 1773.

Hannah Robinson, died Oct. 30, 1773, aged 27 years, five months, nine days.

Mary Robinson, died April 5, 1777, aged 25 years, seven months, 21 days.

And here is the story of Hannah, told as briefly and factually as we can tell it:

She was the great beauty of her day. There is contemporary evidence of that. A rejected suitor, Dr. William Bowen of Providence, has left his testimony. Isaac Peace Hazard in a letter of July 22, 1847, wrote that he had heard old people of Philadelphia and elsewhere speak of her beauty with such enthusiasm as to leave no doubt of the impression she made. His father also had told him that Hannah was renowned not only throughout the colonies, but in Europe, as the loveliest woman of her age.

Europe heard of this Narragansett blossom from returning army officers who had enjoyed the hospitality of the Robinson home. Rowland Robinson was among the richest of the Narragansett planters. We picture him a bluff, hearty, hasty man of unlimited generosity and undisciplined spirit.

Hannah, the oldest of his three children, was born in May, 1746. She was sent to the academy kept by Madame Osborne at Newport to acquire the accomplishments suitable to an heiress.

There she met Peter Simons, who taught music or dancing or both. He was a good-looking, well-mannered young fellow, son of Peter Simons (or Pierre Simond before he became Americanized). The father had been seized by a British man-of-war in South American waters, taken to Newport to stand trial for piracy, been acquitted and settled down in the town as a respectable tradesman.

It was a case of love at sight between Hannah and Peter. When she was withdrawn from the school Simons, according to Shepherd Tom Hazard, obtained a position as tutor in the family of Col. John Gardiner, Hannah’s great uncle, who lived on Boston Neck a couple of miles from the Robinson place.

Hannah’s father learned of the affair between the two and declared violent opposition. Her mother, on the other hand, and her uncle, John Gardiner, who was her own age, were sympathetic when they learned the girl had plighted her troth, and at least tacitly aided secret meetings.

The whole neighborhood, in fact, seems to have been in a conspiracy against poor Rowland Robinson, whose spy system proved unavailing. There were evening visits between Hannah at her second story window and Peter hiding in a lilac bush beneath it; once, at least, he ventured into her room and was hidden in a closet when her father came to bid her good-night.

Of Hannah at this period, when she was not less than 17 and almost certainly not more than 20, we have descriptions, but no portrait. She was a little above average height, perfect of figure, classic of

feature, with a wonderful clear complexion and ringlets of auburn hair framing a beautiful neck and throat.

But it was not alone her physical beauty which endeared her to all. She was endowed also with extraordinary charm and sweetness of character, and as well with determination not less inflexible than her father's.

Unable to move Rowland Robinson, the couple eloped. Wilkins Updike in his "History of the Narragansett Church" places this episode at about 1760, which is clearly too early inasmuch as Hannah then was only 14. Somebody else has written that she was 17 when she ran away, which would make it 1763. There is no record.

Hannah obtained permission to visit her aunt Updike at Cocumcussoc, Wickford. Accompanying her were her sister, Mary, six years younger, and Prince, Mr. Robinson's personal attendant. Somewhere along the road, probably at the foot of Ridge Hill south of Silver Spring in North Kingstown, Hannah transferred to a horse with which her suitor was waiting and disappeared into the night.

Although no record ever has come to light, it is assumed they were married — by an Episcopal clergyman, Wilkins Updike says, repeating tradition. They went first to the Simons home at Newport, where they remained until Peter got a job in Providence.

Obscurity veils their life in Providence, but one fact stands out to contradict a lot of allegations, namely that their marriage must have endured for from seven to ten years.

Legend has it that, finding Rowland Robinson would not come to their aid financially, Peter neglected his beautiful wife, gambled and generally deported himself badly. We venture to suggest such stories may have been started to discredit him and justify the father.

The fact which is beyond dispute is that when Hannah fell into "a decline," probably tuberculosis, which also destroyed her sister Mary four years later, her father, who had refused steadfastly to see her, sent for Hannah and had her brought home.

Two or three accounts say she made the journey in June. Isaac Peace Hazard says she died on the night of her return, which would make it October. Updike says she died in her husband's arms, from which it may be inferred he was less of a rogue than he has been pictured. Hazard adds that Simons was at her funeral and remained at the Robinson home for a month thereafter, during which time her body lay in a grave pending completion of the vault which now holds her dust.

Also it is declared that when her body was transferred the coffin

was opened and that she was seen again as beautiful as when she was laid away.

Hannah's mother survived her firstborn only two months. Her sister Mary died less than four years later. Her brother William died childless in 1804.

What became of Peter Simons? We wish we knew the answer to that one. Old versions of the tale have it that he completed the chapter of his rascality by turning pirate, presumably dying with his boots on and not quite sober.

But the Bowen family of Pawtucket and Providence — which for reasons we shall explain has a right to an opinion — cherishes a different tradition. Theirs is that Simons went to Philadelphia after Hannah's death, engaged in the importing business, French silks, perfumes, etc., which would have been natural considering his French background and connections, and died in the plague of yellow fever which devastated the City of Brotherly Love a few years after the Revolution.

Checking dates it is evident Hannah and Peter must have lived together for not less than nine years. Is it possible he was not the rogue the old tales have pictured him — that he was, on the other hand, a devoted husband doing the best he could? And that the reports of his villainy were disseminated by a man who realized too late he had fallen short of his full duty as a father?

But the story of Unfortunate Hannah does not end with her death and Peter's. In "The Gardiners of Narragansett," a grand genealogy by Mrs. Caroline Robinson of Wakefield, is a note setting forth that on Dec. 8, 1782, Dr. Joseph Bowen of Gloucester married Hannah Simons of Newport.

This Hannah Simons in all likelihood was the child of Hannah and Peter. The Bowens of Pawtucket have been told so and believe it, and there is no good reason for doubting. Chronologically the situation works out like this:

Dr. Bowen, born in 1755, would have been 27 at his marriage. Hannah Simons, if she was the daughter of Hannah Robinson, could have been 17, assuming her mother's marriage to have taken place in 1764.

The Bowens are the most persistently medical family Rhode Island has known. Every generation since the 17th century has produced its quota of doctors. Another peculiarity of the family is that every generation has given the name Clovis to one or more male members. The original Clovis was founder of the French monarchy, 451 A.D. Whether or not he was a Bowen we are uninformed.

Dr. Joseph Bowen and Hannah Simons had a son, who was named Clovis. He called his first daughter Hannah Robinson Bowen. Apparently she died young. A later daughter he named Hannah Simons Bowen and a son Herbert Robinson Bowen.

There was a close hook-up between the Bowens and Robinsons, and a closer one later between the Simonses and Bowens, the widow of the elder Peter Simons marrying into the Bowen family. Dr. William Bowen of Providence had been a suitor for Hannah Robinson's hand and was a frequent visitor at the Robinson home on Boston Neck.

The note in the Gardiner genealogy records the fact that Benjamin Bowen gave Hannah Simons the household furniture which had been her mother's. This might easily mean that Hannah and Peter, hard up in Providence, had found refuge in a house belonging to the Bowens and that Peter left the furniture there when his home was broken up.

We submit that the circumstantial evidence is convincing that Hannah Robinson left a daughter who was perhaps eight years old at the time of Hannah's death. This in itself alters the face of the South County's most cherished legend.

The facts also reveal Rowland Robinson in a highly unfavorable light. He outlived his wife, son and two daughters and died an unhappy old man, under guardianship in his latter days. His will, filed in the town clerk's office in South Kingstown, makes no recognition of the little grand-daughter brought up in Newport.



“Grampa” Reynolds’s Busy Night

ANYBODY with plenty of time and taste for such things probably could collect a basketful of interesting stories along the turnpikes running out of Providence to Hartford, Danielson and other places. He'd better get about it promptly, however, because the old-timers who know them are passing.

The most interesting one to fall on these receptive ears has to do with grandfather's busy night at the Tug Hollow gate on the New London Pike. It was told us by John C. Lewis, who lived on the Warwick waterfront and we believe was then the only person still extant who collected toll on that now neglected highway. He was just a boy. Grandfather was Stephen Reynolds, Mr. Lewis's ancestor.

The New London Turnpike struck out of Providence southwest of Gorham's and followed for part of its route the present Reservoir avenue. It ran down through the Pawtuxet Valley and east of Tiogue Lake — still does, for that matter, although not many motorists follow it, preferring to stick to the concreted Nooseneck Hill Road.

It scaled Pine Hill, the capital of Exeter, making a straighter run of it than the hard road, hit into the Nooseneck Hill highway north of Wyoming, held that route to Hopkinton village, and then diverged to the southwest for a pretty direct drive across North Stonington to New London.

The distance from Providence to New London by the turnpike is 49 miles, materially less than the routes automobiles pursue today.

Going out of Providence the first tollgate was at the Gorton Arnold stand in Warwick. The second was at Westcott's, below Natick, where, said Mr. Lewis, the only original tollhouse still stands.

Arnold's was a whole gate, Westcott's a half gate. Whole gates were $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart, half gates $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

The privilege of keeping gate was let out by the turnpike company. Stephen Reynolds paid \$35 a year for his gate at Tug Hollow. He was obligated to keep the pike in repair half way in both directions to the next gate.

Toll charges at whole gates were $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents for a chaise, six cents for a man on horseback, six cents for a horse and wagon.

A pair of horses paid ten cents. Cattle, sheep and hogs were taxed one cent per head. A “chariot,” as private coaches were called, paid 30 cents, and the stage coach 20 cents. But the stage coach never was

held up for payment, bills being discharged monthly or annually. When a stage coach was underway, horses at a gallop, as was their customary gait, with passengers and mails aboard, it was very questionable form to halt it between stages to settle a petty toll charge.

Foot passengers passed through free. There were plenty of altercations about charges, and often Mr. Reynolds would explain to objectors that if they didn't want to pay they could go back a quarter of a mile and find a road which would carry them around the gate and back into the turnpike again. He was easy going that way.

At night the gates were left open and everybody went through free. Mr. Reynolds couldn't be bothered.

There was a half gate at Crompton, and the next below was Jim Webster's, a whole gate. Tug Hollow gate lay south of these, near Wyoming.

Mr. Reynolds — South County oldsters incline to pronounce the name Runnels — was a cooper. His son-in-law, Warren Lewis, handled the tollgate at the time John C. Lewis came into the picture. But grandfather's busy night happened while he himself was running the tollhouse as a sideline to his cooperage business. This was in 1832, long before John C. Lewis had been thought of.

In the autumn of that year a man came along and bought a load of barrels. Standing by watching the transaction was what was then known as a traveler and today is called a tramp. The Providence and Stonington Railroad was being put through, with construction camps here and there of laborers, largely raw Irish, doing the pick and shovel work.

The traveler, who said his name was Burke, watched interestedly when grandfather brought out a shotbag containing what looked like a lot of money. Actually it was about \$60 in one dollar bills. The barrel deal was closed and the purchaser said he would be back two weeks later for another load.

He disappeared down the road, and presently so also did Burke. Two weeks later, on Nov. 16, 1832, at nightfall Burke turned up again. He was barefooted. He rapped at the Reynolds door and asked whether he might stay the night.

The hospitable and humane country people couldn't find it in their heart to turn him away into the chilly night, so they let him in, fed him and appointed him a bed in the loft. A couple of coopers' apprentices, Burgess Terry and Sam Wager, had their beds there also.

That night the boys went out to a party. Burke turned in. The apprentices came back late and tired, and Wager went to bed still wearing his cravat, a stiffly starched neckcloth. His slovenliness probably saved his life, although there's no moral in that.

Burke had taken into the loft with him a bundle which it was later found contained white pine twigs. After the apprentices were sound asleep, he broke a few of these to determine whether or not anyone was disturbed by the crackling noise.

Nobody stirred. Burke then got off his bed, crept to where Terry and Wager lay, and began striking at them with an axe he had brought in from the woodpile. Terry was quickly disposed of with a cracked skull, but Wager, sleeping with his arm over his head, was only hurt by the first blow and yelled. Burke struck him again, this time rendering him unconscious.

Wager's yell had aroused grandfather, who stood at the bottom of the stairs asking what the trouble was. Burke rushed down with his knife in his hand — a big, cheap clasp knife — and stabbed him deeply in the side. He fell, Burke on top.

Grandmother Reynolds, completely aroused by now, rushed to the front door to go for help. There were four stone steps. Before she could get down, Burke had caught her and stabbed her twice in the breast. Concluding she was finished, he ran back into the loft, past grandfather, who lay bleeding all over the floor, and stabbed Wager in the neck. That was where the cravat saved the apprentice's life.

It happened that that day a man had fallen off the roof of the Tug Hollow mill and broken his leg and people were up in the house a quarter of a mile away. Grandmother, hurt and plenty frightened but plucky, managed to make her way there and spread the alarm.

By the time help reached the Reynolds house Burke had run out, picked up his shoes beside the woodpile, where he had left them the night before, and fled. Twenty men and women were soon after him with guns, pitchforks and clothes tub mauls.

They could follow his trail across the meadows, white with rime, until it disappeared into Miry Gutter, a nearby swamp. There it was lost, and Burke was never taken.

The Reynoldses believed he took refuge among his fellow Irish in one of the railroad construction camps. But several years later a man before being hanged in Massachusetts confessed to killing an entire family in Exeter, R. I., and it may have been Burke.

Grandfather lived nine years after that exciting night. Mr. Lewis still had the nightshirt he wore, its old bloodstains never washed

away, and the knife with which he was stabbed. Wager, recovering, ran away to sea. Terry, a silver plate in his skull, moved to Plymouth, Mass.

There must be a lot of stories along the old turnpikes.



Perry Davis, The "Painkiller" Man

PERRY DAVIS was born at Dartmouth, Bristol County, Mass., July 7, 1791. His father was Edmund Davis. His mother had been Sarah Perry. They were poor people of American ancestry, and their son's heritage was poverty and a habit of misfortune.

In 1843, at the age of 52, Perry Davis moved to Providence. When he cast the balance sheet of his condition after settling in cheap, ill-furnished quarters somewhere in the neighborhood of the Hoyle Tavern, which stood at the corner of High (now Westminster) and Cranston streets — the exact spot of the Davis home is not known — he found that he had a wife, children and exactly three cents. Fifty-two years old, remember, and lame. No job in sight. Food enough for a week or two. When he went out of doors he donned his entire wardrobe.

A few years later Perry Davis's name was more widely known than that of any other citizen of Rhode Island, and his face was familiar throughout the world. In crowded India, in Africa, on remote sheep farms in Australia as well as in more accessible Europe, Perry Davis was a household word, while as for his features, few other pictures in the world, perhaps, had wider circulation.

Perry Davis was four years old when his father thought to better his condition by moving to Westport, a few miles away. Probably he knew where he could get a job there. The boy had a brief schooling. Education was not held in high esteem among poor folks in that day, and schools were few and inadequate. When he was 14 years old he had a bad fall which lamed him for life.

A crippling accident like that is many times as hard on a poor man's family as on one which can pay for service. The boy's father, taking account of the fact that Perry never would amount to anything at day labor, apprenticed him when he was 17 years old to a shoemaker. He could sit on a bench and tap shoes even if he couldn't handle a pick and shovel.

In that same year of Perry Davis's life another greater thing happened to him. He was converted to religion in the Baptist Church. Two years later, having moved to Tiverton meanwhile, he joined the First Baptist Church of Tiverton, of which Elder Job Bordon was pastor. Presumably he was still learning or working at his trade of mending shoes at that time.

Three years after that, on Oct. 8, 1813, he married Ruth, a daughter of Pardon and Priscilla Davol, a fellow member of the Tiverton Baptist Church. It is of record that on the evening of their wedding day they attended prayer meeting at the home of a Baptist deacon. There was no money for a wedding trip. The next day Davis returned to his bench.

By way of dating the story it may be recalled that the second war with Great Britain was in progress — the War of 1812. There was much excitement at all such salt water ports as Tiverton, with privateers outfitting to prey on the enemy, able-bodied young men eager to sign on, and rumors of impending attacks. His lameness forbade Davis to entertain any ambitions to go.

The next quarter century, a large slice of any man's life, is without entry in that of Perry Davis. It was probably spent in Tiverton, and certainly in poverty and sickness, with periods of deep discouragement. The couple welcomed and buried seven children. Two others survived. One was a son, Edmund, named after Davis's father, the other a daughter, Sarah, after his mother.

Shoemakers are thinking men. Witness Calvin Coolidge's Northampton friend in whose company Coolidge found wise counsel. There is something about the rhythmic tap-tap of the hammer which stimulates the brain cells, while the operation of the hands is purely mechanical.

That Davis found this so appears from the fact that when, in 1828, he moved his family to Pawtucket he had become an inventor, having a design for a grain grinding mill. He was now 47, still poor and lame, but courage and ambition burned within him. He tried to promote his invention at Pawtucket, failed, and the following year moved to Taunton, still seeking opportunity.

There is no evidence that Taunton proved any better market for grinding machinery than Pawtucket. This was his year of deepest depression. To cap the hardships of poverty, with a family to feed and clothe, he himself fell ill and did not expect to recover.

"I told my wife," he said, "that she could not expect to have me with her much longer."

It proved to be that darkest period before the dawn which almost seems a rule of human life. A few years afterwards he wrote:

"This will certify that five years ago last December I took cold which settled on my lungs. A hard cough ensued, with pains in my sides. My stomach soon became very sore, my digestive organs became weak, consequently my appetite failed; my kidneys became

affected. The canker in my mouth became very troublesome," etc., etc.

"I searched the globe in my imagination and selected the choicest gums and plants that I thought the world afforded, and was directed as I believe by the hand of Providence in compounding and proportioning the medicine so that the narcotic influence of one might be destroyed by the other; so that when the stimulating influence was over it became a nerving (sic) to soothe and a balm to heal. I commenced using my new discovered medicine with no other hope than handing me gently to the grave."

You have guessed it — he was cured. It was in December, 1840, that he was directed by Providence — which of course means God — to the compounding of this preparation; in the following March he was down cellar again in the house he occupied at Taunton working away with his plane on inventions.

It may as well be noted here as later that when Perry Davis said he believed he was directed by Providence he meant precisely that, and that there was no hypocrisy in the man. If you had made the search we have for Perry Davis's story you would entertain no doubts.

Dat ol' debbil Bad Luck wasn't through with Perry Davis yet, even though he was restored to health. In 1841 he moved to Fall River. He was 50 and still feeling for a toehold on the world. Not only was he penniless, but he owed a large sum of money borrowed to promote his invention. Apparently some people had faith in the man or his design.

On the night of July 3, 1843 — the night before Independence Day — there was a great fire in Fall River. Davis was burned out among dozens of others. All he saved from the ruins were his clothing, a wagon and part of a harness, and the divinely inspired recipe.

Charitable people of Providence and Boston contributed to a fund for the fire sufferers. Davis used his share to move to Providence — this was July 27, 1843. After buying, with the money which had been given him, the absolute necessities of a settlement in this city he drew a long breath and took inventory. He owed \$4500. His assets were three cents and the recipe.

It does not appear that he had done anything with the latter as yet, but now if ever was the time to turn misfortune to his profit and he rose to the occasion. He resolved to become a medicine manufacturer. But money was required for purchases of the components, bottles, labels, et cetera. He remembered that at Warren lived a man who owed him \$4.50, and thought he could collect if he saw him.

Warren was ten miles away. On the road were two tollgates, each of which cost nine cents to pass through — and Davis had only three cents. Undaunted, he found a man willing to lend him a horse and wagon, cajoled the tollgate keepers en route to pass him through on promise to pay when he returned, and collected the \$4.50.

Fall River was not far, so he kept on to that city, sold the wagon and harness which had survived the fire, drove back the way he had gone, paid the tollgate keepers, and reached home with \$24.50 in his pocket.

With as much of this as was not needed for food to keep life in his family he bought the things required for his medicine. He made up two small boxes of the stuff, his wife sticking on the labels, and then was flat broke again with no market in sight.

Looking over the field, Perry Davis decided to make his first stab at marketing his medicine in Boston. To get there he must have had to add to his debt of \$4500, but his faith and courage were strong. They needed to be. The trip was a failure. The stuff wouldn't sell, and in desperation he gave away to poor people a considerable part of the basketful he took with him.

The few bottles he actually did vend provided wherewithal for his next venture. This was at the Rhode Island State Fair at Pawtuxet, four miles from his home. Having no money, he was once again confronted with the transportation problem. He found a man willing to take him to Pawtuxet and back for 80 cents, payment being contingent on the uncertainties of business.

With his basket — the same one with which later he peddled his compound from door to door in Providence — he took his stand at the entrance to the fair grounds. That day proved the turning of the tide with Davis. Some people believed what he told them of the merits of his medicine, one person with a pain in his stomach was bold enough to try it and declared instant relief, and the inventor took in between four and five dollars.

Shortly afterward came the Massachusetts State Fair at Taunton. Cheered by his success at Pawtuxet, Davis went over and rejoiced in receipts of \$10.50.

His ship was launched, but was still far from a steady fair wind. We can only speculate about his financing at this period. To keep a roof over the heads of his family, to feed his wife and two children, and continue manufacturing and selling must have required stark grit.

All of these things he did, traveling the streets of old Providence

with a basket of medicine bottles on his arm, knocking at doors, meeting many rebuffs and an occasional sale. What cheered him most was that repeat orders began to come in. When faith was at lowest ebb they convinced him that he had something.

It was a year or so later—1844 or 1845—when Davis was 53 or 54 years old, that he got a building on Pond street and started making his medicine on a factory scale. The extension of Franklin street from Westminster to Broad now cuts directly across the property where he began manufacturing and at the height of the concern's prosperity turned out thousands of bottles annually which were distributed to the far corners of the world. Directions for use were printed in more than 30 languages, which gives an idea of the breadth of his market.

The wrapper of every bottle carried a woodcut of the maker. The likeness aged with the business. Earlier ones show Davis with something of an actor's face — long upper lip, pronounced eyebrows, wide across the forehead and cheekbones, clean shaven except for hair in front of his ears which may have been whiskers or may have been locks from the untrimmed mass on his head. He wore a flaring collar and string tie.

Later likenesses add a strong hint of benevolence, and the black hair has whitened. He was not a tall man, but broad-shouldered and strongly built.

After the business was really established two things happened to make it the mint it turned out to be. The first, during the founder's lifetime, was an outbreak of cholera in Asia.

No Baptist missionary ever left America for the foreign field after Davis had become really established without a few bottles of his panacea. In this fashion, although that may not have been the intent, the medicine became known in far places. When the cholera epidemic occurred, orders began to pour in for hundreds of cases, and by the time it abated the stuff had made a market for itself which it never lost, in addition to piling up a fortune for its manufacturer.

The other occurrence which helped make the Davis fortune one of the impressive ones of that era in Providence was the outbreak of the Civil War. During the rebellion the factory was seized by the Government to make medicine not only for the soldiers, but for the army's horses. Sentinels guarded the place day and night, production was speeded to capacity, and all the owners had to do was sit back and take their profits. One may only guess at how much money the business made in those days by the fashion in which the grandchildren spent it. But the spending was on a princely scale.

As soon as a little prosperity sunshine began to warm Davis he moved to a better home at 33 High street. It was to that address he invited skeptics to come and see what his compound had done for him.

Also at that time or earlier, he had begun to take a more active part in Baptist church affairs. There was a period a little before that when, with only one pair of trousers to his name, he used to go to a pond nearby, perhaps the one from which Pond street takes its name, strip and wash the trousers. And once, he recalled, a committee from the church called to inquire why he had been negligent in church attendance.

"I could only tell them," he said, "that it was for want of suitable clothing."

His affiliation was with the Fifth Baptist Church, which became in turn the High street and the present Stewart Street Baptist Church. The Fifth Baptist Church in 1845, when Davis had just begun to hope for some profit from, his invention wanted a new building. Although next door to penniless at the time, and needing every cent he could lay hands on to extend his undertaking, Davis promised to help on condition that the building should not be dedicated until paid for.

He was forced to go out of the city on business, and on his return was greatly irked to find that his co-religionists had forgotten their pledge and had dedicated the church while there still were bills outstanding. Davis had a life insurance policy for \$500. On this he borrowed all he could and paid the church debt.

"Religion was my support and chief joy," he said of those dark days from which now, 58 years old, he was just emerging. And again: "It was no strange thing for me in those days of trial and distress to return at night supperless, leaving the morrow to provide for itself, satisfied that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "

He would be a bold man who, in the face of the record, would question Perry Davis's religious sincerity. Just out of the woods, and on the edge of the decade of decline, he financed at a cost of \$1000 a "protracted meeting" or series of revivals at the High Street Church during the winter of 1849-50. It began Nov. 14 and continued until March 25. Davis said it was the most profitable investment he ever made.

The next year he built on Christian Hill a chapel for the church at a cost of \$2100. It was dedicated Christmas night, 1850, Davis preaching the dedicatory sermon. He was a licensed preacher. If he had had enough education he probably would have given up his medicine business and become a regular.

His next big beneficence was erection of a Baptist chapel at the corner of Stewart and Pond streets, at a cost of \$36,000. This was dedicated Jan. 11, 1853. The prosperous Stewart Street Baptist Church stands on the site today.

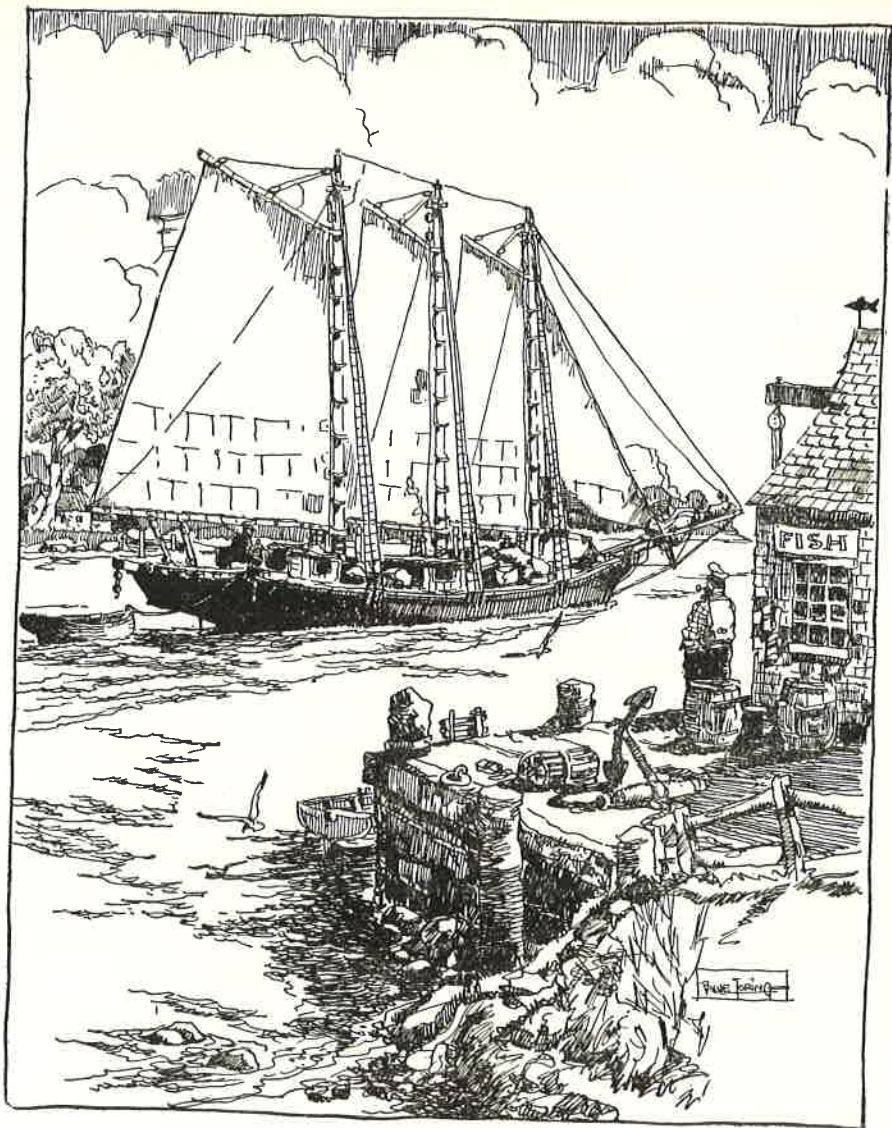
Next north of the church you may see Perry Davis's home of his prosperous years. It's a rooming house now. It is a big square, unadorned structure reflecting the plainness of its builder, and in striking contrast with the home his grandson Edmund built around the corner on Westminster street, next to All Saints. Edmund's former home is now owned and occupied by M. Goetting, antiques and furniture.

Edmund Davis, who went into business with his father, left heirs. These were a boy and two girls. The grandson, Edmund, married Miss Steuart, daughter of a Civil War officer, and they were survived by a son, Edmund Steuart Davis, living on Long Island. He has a son, Steuart, 19, a student at Groton School. Perry Davis's grandson died of a gunshot wound at his camp in Nova Scotia.

Davis's grand-daughter, Ida, married Horace Bloodgood of a socially prominent Boston family. Their Providence home was at the bend of Waterman street on the hillside. Summers they lived at Anawan Farm, Narragansett, where they went in for fine horses and fancy stock, all of it down to the turkeys pure white. Motorists on the Pier road wonder about the cobble stone building with long, sloping roof just west of the highway a little north of the Pier. It was the blacksmith shop of Bloodgood's Anawan farm. He died in the big house of an overdose of morphine.

Eve, the other daughter, married John Edgar McGowan, a New Yorker of humble antecedents, but ambitious and able. He was a self-educated lawyer. They were married in the South Ferry Meeting House, to which they were drawn by a pair of Horace Bloodgood's white horses. McGowan had been born a Catholic, but was not a devout churchman and had been divorced. Mrs. McGowan was an Episcopalian. They had a famous farm at Sakonnet, which, on Mrs. McGowan's death, was bequeathed to the Cathedral diocese of Providence for a rest home.





THE NONSUCH

The Saunderses, Boat Builders

THE Saunders family of here and there is a study in heredity. From the time Tobias Saunders appears on the American scene as one of the first settlers of Westerly, along with an assorted lot of Crandalls, Larkinses, Burdicks, Babcocks and others, down to the time when Albert E. Saunders, Jr., gave up house carpentering and took over direction of his father's yard at Wickford they have been boat builders.

There may be other American families which have clung to the same trade for three centuries, but in the nature of things there can't be many. As for the Saunderses, you are likely to run into members of the tribe anywhere along the Atlantic coast, always hammering away on boats. There are some in Florida. We have heard the name in New Jersey. But Rhode Island is the home roost, and now that "young Ally" has taken up the ancestral occupation there is assurance that the line hasn't run out here.

If it ever does there still will be Saunderstown to perpetuate the name. It used to be Willetville, after Thomas Willett, who with his son Andrew first settled that corner of North Kingstown, but the Saunderses became so numerous that a change of name was practically unescapable.

Capt. John Aldrich Saunders, who was born near Pawcatuck Bridge, Westerly, in 1786, is really the god-father of Saunderstown. He is the representative of the line in whom boat-building genius appears thus far to have touched its farthest north, for he is credited with having constructed the first three-masted schooner, having invented the centerboard, a revolutionary idea in small craft, and having rigged up a wheel steering apparatus at a time when the tiller was in universal use.

All of these novelties made their debut in a single vessel, which was named the Nonsuch, thereby proving that the Saunderses have a sense of the appropriate. And although designed for salt water navigation she was built on the fresh water mill pond at the Gilbert Stuart birthplace which old timers call the Buckie Pond. It is a half mile above the navigable part of Narrow River, and three or four miles from the bay.

Ships before her had had center-board boxes and an arrangement called dagger boards, which were sections let down one after another to give purchase in the water. An earlier ship, the Commerce, built

by Capt. Saunders in 1815, had employed such a sectional keel effect. But before the Nonsuch in 1822 no vessel had had a pivoted one piece centerboard of the type in common use ever since.

The Buckie Pond was chosen as the birthplace of the Nonsuch because of abundance of oak and chestnut timber on the Hammond farm, which embraced the Stuart snuff mill and pond. The vessel's frame was laid with three parallel keels 65 feet long. She was of 18 foot beam but very shoal draft, drawing 10 inches of water light and 24 inches loaded. To beat into the wind she needed her three keels and centerboard.

A trunk cabin was built for the crew, with brick fireplace and chimney. After being completed she was rolled down to the head of navigation on Narrow River for launching, and got out to deep water by taking down the bridge on the Narragansett Pier road.

It is Saunders family tradition that the Nonsuch carried the stone with which Fort Adams at Newport was built. The ingenious John Aldrich Saunders took out a patent on the centerboard device, but never made a cent out of it.

In all, the innovator finished 21 ships of various sizes up to 200 tons, and was working on his twenty-second when he died at the age of 46. The vessel then under way was completed by his son. Nine of the 21 were built on the training lot at the east foot of Tower Hill, near Middle Bridge.

Captain John Aldrich Saunders had an unpleasant experience during the war of 1812. He lived then at Westerly and had a shipyard on Audley Clarke's wharf. He built a 30-ton sloop, the Kingfisher, which he sailed himself, carrying fish from Nantucket to Providence and New Haven.

In 1812 she was chartered to Rouse Babcock to take a load of goods from Newport to Westerly. Becalmed off Brenton's Reef, she was boarded by a British man-of-war which took off all the food its crew could find, but turned the sloop loose as too small to be of service.

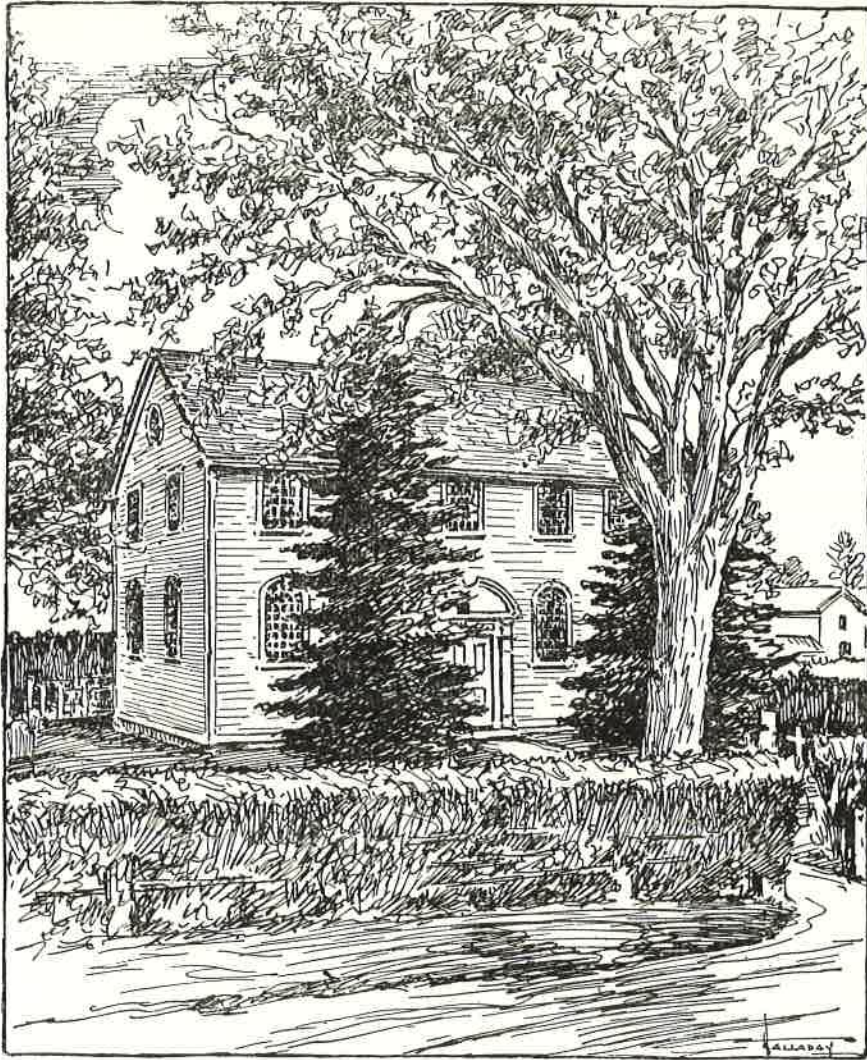
One Phillip Tappen, observing this performance, lodged a complaint that Saunders was trading with the enemy. In consequence his sloop was seized and sold at Nantucket after the captain had been set ashore at Martha's Vineyard. He reached the mainland in an Indian canoe and got back to Westerly afoot, flat broke. His descendants are still sore about this incident.

The old records state tersely that Tappen was shot, but don't say how or by whom.

Another incident in what must have been a pretty picturesque life gives a hint as to the inventor's character. As a boy he was fishing at Codfish and Squid Ledge, a dozen miles offshore, when a storm threatened. Preparing to go home, he found his anchor was fouled. He did not want to lose it, so he dove overboard, following the rope as a leader, hammered the anchor loose and sailed ashore with full equipment.

A good many years later his son had a similar experience on a mud bottom in Wickford harbor, and adopted the same method of saving the anchor. He was under water so long his companion began to fear he had stuck in the mud himself, but at last Saunders appeared announcing the anchor was loose and they could move on.





NARRAGANSETT CHURCH — WICKFORD

Life and Works of John Cooper

CAPT. ROLLIN E. MASON of Wickford, deciding to repair the attic floor of a house he had bought on Main street, ripped up an oak board and, surprisingly, brought to light the life story of John Cooper, Jr., who flourished after his fashion in the village in the first quarter of the last century. It revealed itself in the form of three or four bundles of old papers which had lain hidden under the attic floor since Cooper, for reasons known then only to himself and now to no one, hid them there.

The scraps present all the facts that mattered in Cooper's years of greatest activity. They show how he made a living and what pay he got; what he ate and drank and how much he paid for these things; when his three children were born and how much their education cost. All in all they constitute a fairly complete record of the interests of an ordinary citizen in Wickford somewhat more than 100 years ago, and may be accepted as typical of village life anywhere along the State's shore line.

The house where they were found, in which Cooper must have lived to leave them there, is no ordinary dwelling place. It was built by Benjamin F. Spink about 1750 for a hotel. At various times it contained a singing school, dancing hall and evening school for children.

It stands on Main street one lot removed from Pleasant street. At the time Capt. Mason bought it it was known as the Gladden house for John S. Gladden, who owned it for some time and made it into four tenements.

Chronologically Cooper's life as revealed by the papers begins with his marriage Oct. 9, 1808. There is a certificate signed by "William Northup, Elder," founder and long pastor of the Allenton Baptist Church which has passed its 150th anniversary. It reads:

"I hereby certify that John Cooper, son of John and Martha Cooper, and Eunice Whitehorn, daughter of Samuel and Ruth Whitehorn, both of this town, were lawfully joined together in marriage by me."

Having taken a wife, John had to get to work. Like many men of his period and place he could turn his hand to anything, but preferred working around boats. His pay was one dollar a day on occasional jobs.

There is a note signed by Lodowick Updike, dated Feb. 10, 1810,

promising to pay him \$16.83 with interest for labor. Nowhere does it appear that as long as he worked for someone else he received more than one dollar for his day's work, and in all likelihood the day was a long one.

For some workers the rate was often less than that. Jeremiah C. Heffernan was paid for two days work painting and rigging at 50 cents per day. Dennis O'Connor accepted 67 cents a day and \$8.00 for "one month's work, to be found in board, washing and half pint New England rum per day." For "one and one-half days deficiency in the month" 46 cents was deducted.

It doesn't sound like much, but living costs were proportionately low. Cooper paid Samuel Heffernan \$20 for a year's rent of a house, from March 25, 1811, to March 25, 1812.

In the course of time the Coopers had three children who were sent to an evening school kept by Henry R. Reynolds, probably in the house Mr. Mason now owns. It doesn't appear whether it was a singing school or academic. Here is the bill:

For tuition of your son Harry the turn (term) of seventeen evenings.....	\$0.17
For tuition of your daughter Mary Ann five evenings.....	0.05
For wood.....	0.05
	<u>\$0.27</u>

Mr. Reynolds's chirography was heavily shaded and legible, but his spelling was not so good.

One of the children fell sick and Dr. Wilbur Tillinghast was called in. He charged 25 cents for "visit made child and advice"; 12 cents for "dose for child"; 50 cents for "visiting child today and last night" and 12 cents for "dose of calomel and jalap." The child got well and the bill was paid four years later.

John Cooper seems to have been working by the day, with a little fishing and clamming between times, when the war of 1812 came on. If he went on any of the privateers which were manned in part from Wickford no record appears, but on Oct. 10, 1814, the following was written by Jonathan Reynolds, town clerk:

"This certifies that John Cooper jun'r was this day adjudged by the Town Council to be unable to arm and equip himself for military duty."

Somewhere about this time Cooper became half owner of a whale boat, at a cost of \$15. He is charged in a bill \$1.50 for half the expense

of netting caplin, \$1.84 for half the twine for same, \$3 for 10 pounds of powder, \$3 for six fish barrels and \$1 for 30 cod hooks.

The mention of caplin is puzzling. They are the small fish which arrive in Newfoundland waters in great schools each June or July and constitute the chief bait of trawlers on the Grand Banks. We should like to know whether formerly they came into Rhode Island waters.

The first important commercial enterprise of Cooper's life was purchase of a half interest in the schooner Fox in 1821. She was a 31-ton vessel. He bought his share from Benjamin Pearce, full owner, for \$100 and paid with a two years note. A condition of the sale was that whenever Cooper wanted to reconvey the "said part of said schooner and appurtenances back to me again that I will deliver him up the said note of hand and it shall thenceforth become null and void."

Nothing could be sweeter than that from Cooper's viewpoint. He appears to have engaged in freighting and passenger service with the Fox. There is a bill to William Holloway of Newport — 40 barrels of lime, \$8; 4000 feet of lumber, \$4; "lite hous top," \$4, etc. The freight probably originated at Providence, but there is nothing to show it.

In 1827 Cooper was operating the sloop Accomoder. We judge it ran between Wickford and Newport and that passage either way cost 20 cents.

Rye meal was a food staple in Cooper's day and station. He bought his from William Baker's store in Wickford at \$2 a bushel. Wood cost \$1 a cord. In 1825 Cooper was billed by Jonathan Reynolds for three yards of cassimere, \$4.25; one and one-half yards of sheeting, 50 cents; one yard of brown linen, 26 cents; three hanks of silk and twist, 18 cents; 14 buttons, 39 cents; one fur hat, \$4; one pair of shoes, \$2. There is another bill for three yards of Florentine, \$1; one skein of cotton, two cents.

Gin and rum, the latter sometimes West Indian, sometimes New England, figure largely in the store bills. Part of an account due Reynolds & Congdon in 1825 reads as follows:

Glass rum, 4c; one pint gin, 7c.....	\$0.11
3 glasses W. I. rum.....	.12
½ gill ditto, 4c; 14 lbs. flour, 58c.....	.62
2 glasses ditto, 8c; 1 qt. gin, 13c.....	.21
2 candles.....	.04
1 glass brandy, 4c; 1 qt. rum, 25c.....	.29
6½ lbs. cheese, 45c; 1 glass rum, 4c.....	.49
2 heads tobacco.....	.04
Pint N. E. rum.....	.06

Other prices mentioned, these in a bill from Christopher & Boone Spink, who ran one of Wickford's many stores, include 19 cents for a quarter pound of tea, 98 cents for 16¼ pounds of veal, and three shillings, which was half a dollar, for four and one-half pounds of sugar.

To this 20th century student of ancient practices one of the most surprising revelations of the Cooper papers is the amount of business transacted by notes of hand. Bank checks seem to have been unknown and cash scarce. Even so presumably solvent a man as Lodowick Updike — the Lodowick of 1810, not the one who platted Wickford and called it Updike's Newtown — gave Cooper a note for a small sum due for labor. As for our hero, he seems always to have paid with interest-bearing I. O. U.'s.

When he came into some money, or a catch of fish, or anything else of value he went around and picked the notes up, tearing his name off the bottom and saving the remainder to stow away under his attic floor. Which brings us face to face again with the puzzle of why he hid his papers. We suspect it was so his wife wouldn't find them and ask for a lot of explanations.



Rhode Island Blood Tells

IT was rather a shock to find the admirable new dictionary of national biography, which issues a volume every now and then, giving John C. Heenan's middle name as Carmel. We always had believed, still do and want to believe that his middle name was Card, derived from his mother, Mary Card, of an old Rhode Island family.

Carmel as the middle name of one of the great prize fighters of all time just doesn't make sense. It fails to hook up with anything which has gone before.

Moreover the story of how he happened to have a Rhode Island mother is too circumstantial to be discredited lightly. It shall be this writer's business to support the claim that Rhode Island mothered this husky mauler even if it may not claim his father as a native.

Also John Tucker of Carolina and a few other oldsters consider the tradition so well established as not to be worth talking about. It's a curious yarn, however, and deserves spinning.

The Card who became John C. Heenan's grandfather was a blacksmith in that section of Charlestown known as Great Neck. This name is given primarily to a ridge of high land which runs through the great swamp in South Kingstown from the Johnnycake Trail almost down to Worden's Pond, which members of the older families thereabouts always speak of as Great Pond. Also the Great Neck name spreads over indefinitely into Charlestown.

The Card smithy was at or near where the Kenyons-Wakefield road intersects the old highway to Perryville, very near the line between Charlestown and South Kingstown. Henry Green kept the place after Card got through. The old Holden stand, a tavern, was at the cross-roads. There's no smithy there now, but by digging you might find traces.

When Card was there blowing up his forge fire and hammering away on his anvil there was much more travel over both those highways than now. Business with horses and oxen was what you might call brisk. This would have been around 1830.

It was at that time also that the great tide of immigration from Ireland was gathering force. Times were hard, as usual, in the Emerald Isle, while in this country the big railroad building era was on the point of starting, pioneers were opening up the west and there was a demand for labor.

Along the road from Wakefield there came to Card's shop one day a young Irishman looking for a job. Presumably he had been landed

at Boston; it doesn't matter. The point is he was tramping and wanted work, and Card took him on.

His name, he told the blacksmith, was Tim Heenan. He proved a good man, strong, steady and dependable. He and Mary Card, the blacksmith's daughter, became friendly, fell in love and were married, where and whether with or without father's consent we don't know.

Card himself appears to have made the best of the alliance. The neighbors were the ones who made trouble. Most of them members of the Baptist Church, they objected to one of their girls marrying a Catholic and an Irishman, and gave the young couple the cold shoulder.

Soon growing tired of such treatment, the Heenans moved to West Troy, N. Y., where Tim Heenan got a job in the Federal arsenal. There on May 2, 1835, John Card Heenan was born.

The lad grew up sturdy and tough beyond belief. He was only 17 when in 1852 he went out to California to gather gold. Instead of collecting nuggets, he found employment in the Benicia shops of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. As "the Benicia boy" he fought everybody who would stand up to him for any purse offered. The prizes were mostly pretty small.

His work was to throw a 30 pound sledge hammer twelve hours a day. He stayed in California until 1857, when he went to New York and signed up for a match with the then champion, John Morrissey. It was an unlimited bare fist fight for \$2500 a side.

The battle was fought at Long Point, Canada. Morrissey got the decision, but the general verdict was that Heenan was the better man.

His great battle with Tom Sayers took place before 12,000 spectators near Farnborough, England. Strict secrecy was supposed to surround the preparations because such a fight was illegal, but everyone except the police seemed to know all about it. Even Queen Victoria, it is said, was interested.

At the 37th round the bobbies arrived on the scene and tried to stop the show. Yankee supporters of Heenan, who had all the best of it, stood them off. The American was six feet tall then and weighed 196 pounds ringside. He knocked Sayers down repeatedly, but couldn't put him out.

There was so much turmoil and confusion eventually, however, with the Yankees fighting the cops and the British trying in various ways to save their champion, that after 44 rounds the fight was stopped without decision.

The next year Heenan went back to England, challenged any

Englishman for \$10,000 a side, and gave boxing exhibitions with Sayers. His last match was in 1863 with Sailor Tom King, who got the decision. It was said with probability that Heenan was drugged when he entered the ring.

Quite a flock of years ago we interviewed at Worcester a delightful old lady, one of the cast of—was it "Way Down East" or "The Sign of the Cross?" Anyhow, that dates it. She said she was Heenan's widow.

Her story, some of which must have been true, while some was demonstrably false, was that she was a chorus girl at Tony Pastor's in New York when her young charms won the champion. Night after night he was watching her from a front seat. He was properly introduced—said she—and asked her to marry him.

But her parents were horrified that she should think of marrying a prizefighter. So he agreed to quit the ring forever. They were married and lived happily until his death in 1873.

That much, or most of it, may be true, and if so she was Sarah Stevens, Heenan's second wife. What is clearly not true was the dramatic touch she dragged in about how he went back on his word and returned to the ring to fight Sayers.

As she related it, he had taken her to England, where he left her at a good hotel during his own long absences. One day she walked out on the street to be met by the news in the papers that Heenan had been defeated by Sayers.

She hastened to him, found him terribly battered, and like a good wife forgave and nursed him back to health. We swallowed the story whole at the time, being young and gullible and not knowing that Heenan's wife when he fought Sayers was the more famous Adah Isaacs Menken, gifted as both actress and poet. She divorced him in 1862.

The champion ended his ring career as sparring partner for Jem Mace. During the latter years of his life he ran a gambling house in New York City.

These are all matters of record. Somewhere, too, there must be a record of his father's marriage to Mary Card, possibly in Westerly or South Kingstown, because the tradition which has been handed down in Charlestown is not of the kind that is made out of whole cloth. Almost certainly Heenan was half Rhode Islander and his middle name was Card.

Margaret Fuller's Strange End

THERE is nobody now with whom to compare Margaret Fuller by way of making her understandable. All women today are prodigies by courtesy, and all now have the political and educational equality for which she contended. She was a prodigy when they were scarcer.

We drag her out of the dustbin of old memories, this one-time Providence school teacher, for the sake of setting down in cold type the strange story told us by Capt. Arthur B. Dominy as we visited together at the old Hotel Dorrance one summer evening long ago.

Perhaps you remember the Dorrance, behind the row of little wooden buildings which ran along Dorrance street from Westminster to Exchange place. Between them and the hotel was a broad concreted alley where of a warm evening hotel guests sat smoking, tilted back in comfortable chairs.

Capt. Dominy, notable physically for his lanky six feet, five inches, was then Superintendent of the Fourth Life Saving District, which included the New York State Coast except Fisher's Island and reached into New Jersey. His home was at Bayshore, Long Island.

Margaret Fuller, of whom he talked that evening, was the female intellectual phenomenon of her time. She read Latin at six, Shakespeare, Cervantes and Moliere at eight. She was the admired friend of Emerson and the rest of the transcendentalists.

In 1837 she accepted an invitation to teach in the Greene Street School, Providence, opening that year, which later became the Lincoln School. Her subjects were Latin, rhetoric, philosophy, history, poetry, moral science and anything else that occurred to her. For this she was paid \$1000 a year.

From Providence she went to Boston to become editor of *The Dial*, then to New York, where she was a protegee of Horace Greeley and wrote reviews for his *New York Tribune*, and in 1846 to Europe. In Italy she married the Marquis Ossoli.

They had one child. In May, 1850, the Ossolis embarked at Leghorn for America in the sailing ship *Elizabeth*. She carried a heavy load of Carrara marble in her hold.

The voyage was uneventful enough save for the death of the captain by smallpox until off Long Island they were caught in a gale. The *Elizabeth* foundered on Fire Island and the Ossoli family,

with their maid, was lost. Any biography of Margaret Fuller will tell you her body never was found.

But it was found, said Captain Dominy—found strangely, and destined to a strange end. He had the story direct from the man who found it, a Bayshore fisherman who never forgot the incident.

The *Elizabeth* was lost on July 16. Some few of those aboard reached shore alive. One was the widow of the captain, a Mrs. Hasty. The only two other women aboard were Margaret Fuller and her maid, Celeste Paolini.

Some time after the wreck a fisherman setting forth from Bayshore to haul his traps found the body of a woman floating on the now calm ocean. It had been so cruelly treated by sea and sand that there was almost nothing recognizable about it. There was one feature, however, which told the finder he had chanced on the body of Margaret Fuller.

The wreck had been the newspaper sensation of the year because of the prominence of its victims, and the *New York Tribune* had printed every obtainable detail. In Bayshore, off which Fire Island lies, everyone of reading age was familiar with the fact that Margaret Fuller had two oddly shaped gold-filled teeth.

By these the body was recognizable. The only other person it possibly could have been was the maid, Celeste.

The fisherman debated briefly with himself what course to follow. He didn't like to lose a day's fishing; on the other hand, he knew that Horace Greeley was a patron and tremendous admirer of Margaret, and might be expected to reward the finder of her body more liberally than the ocean would reward a fisherman.

With this in mind, he set his course for New York, perhaps 50 miles distant, and at length tied up in the East River not far from the *Tribune's* office on Park Row.

Leaving the body aboard covered by a tarpaulin, he made his way to the newspaper shop. It wasn't easy to get into Mr. Greeley's sanctum, but he managed to at length and told his story.

To his utter amazement and discomfiture the great editor refused to interest himself in the business at all. He wouldn't even consider as a possibility that it was the corpse of Signora Ossoli the fisherman had aboard his boat. There were other more pressing matters on his mind, he intimated.

What should the fisherman do with the body? That was his problem, said Greeley. Only get out so that the progress of journalism might be resumed.

So very promptly the fisherman found himself out on Park Row again, not as crowded as now but even then bewilderingly so to a person unaccustomed to throngs, with a serious situation on his hands. He had a sloop at the wharf with the body of a woman in it he might find difficulty in accounting for. Anybody who happened along could lift the tarpaulin and find what lay underneath.

As this thought struck him it is fair to presume he quickened his pace back to where he had tied up. Everything on the boat was as he had left it. If anybody had thought about it at all the thought probably had been that the cargo under the tarpaulin was fish.

Quickly the fisherman threw off his line and dropped down the river with the tide. Disappointed in his hope, his only idea now was to get rid of the body without becoming entangled in the law's processes and being detained from his work for several days.

There were two ways. One was to dump the corpse overboard. But then it would be found again, the matter would be brought to Horace Greeley's attention, and the fisherman might get into trouble. No telling what would come of it.

Fort Hamilton was left behind, and Gravesend, and the dunes called Coney Island were close at hand. The fisherman reached a decision.

Running up the little salt creek which then made an island of this sandy waste, he tied up once more, went ashore and dug a shallow grave and, sacrificing the tarpaulin which had covered his find, wrapped the corpse in it, deposited his burden in the grave and replaced the sand.

Then, with a lighter heart, he laid a course for Bayshore.

As we have said, all biographies of Margaret Fuller—and there have been plenty—will tell you her remains never were found. This is the story that Captain Dominy told us in the old Hotel Dorrance many years ago, and he around 70 at the time. For our part we believe the dust of this remarkable woman mingles now with the sands of Coney, noisiest and rowdiest of American playgrounds.



Vampirism in Rhode Island

WHAT this mausoleum of extraordinary practices should have said, of course, is that up to the time of writing no case of vampirism in Rhode Island had come to its notice. What it did say was that Rhode Islanders were too sensible to indulge in such a ceremony as took place at Jewett City, just over the line, where a corpse was disinterred and burned to destroy the vampire which inhabited it.

Because no sooner were the words off the press than reports began to come in of vampirism in Rhode Island. In the light of what we know now, if we could recall our words, we should say that Rhode Islanders were too liberal to interfere with ladies who wanted to sell themselves to the devil and become witches, but were thumbs down on vampires.

Still, on the whole, we're rather glad we put it that way about vampires, because it brings to light a very singular story from Exeter which otherwise might have passed to oblivion with the people who knew about it.

Vampires, in case you haven't studied the subject exhaustively, are peculiar creatures and hard to understand. Noah Webster, who knows everything, says they are the souls of the dead, ordinarily of those dead by violence, which come out of the tomb by night and prey on the blood of the living, usually of relatives.

This explains the Exeter case we're going to tell you about because there it was all in the family. At the same time it leaves a considerable mystery, the difficulty being to understand how a soul could transport the living blood of its victim. But perhaps we have the wrong idea about souls.

Anyway, if you visit the Chestnut Hill cemetery in Exeter you will find back of the ancient and active Baptist Church which adorns that eminence the graves of three members of the widespread Brown family, a mother and two daughters. They were buried there between 40 and 50 years ago, having died apparently of tuberculosis within a comparatively short time of one another.

A son and brother, Edwin A. Brown, lived at West Wickford. A photograph we've seen shows him a big, husky young man; nevertheless he, too, came down with tuberculosis, which, thanks to the efforts of such men as Dr. John I. Pinckney, is a far less common disease today, but the ailment was only retarded. Perceiving that Brown was growing worse, his relatives in Exeter got together and discussed the situation.

Out of their conference developed a conviction that his life was

being sapped by visits from a vampire. Very likely it was responsible also for the deaths of the other three members of the family, and was living in the grave of one of them. What to do—what to do?

In the play John A. Balderston made out of Bram Stoker's hair-raising tale, "Dracula," the indicated disposal of a vampire is to drive a stake through the heart of the corpse the creature inhabits. This involves long watching to make sure of picking the right body.

The chief difficulty at the Chestnut Hill Cemetery was that there were three bodies, any one of which might be the one infested. Also the Exeter Browns had, as you shall see, an improvement on Eastern European practices, where apparently vampires were most numerous.

Equipping themselves with picks and shovels, they repaired to the graveyard and dug up the bodies of the mother and two sisters. This, as we get the story, was done in the daytime, without thought of unfavorable comment.

From each body the heart was removed and in a fire lighted on a nearby rock in the cemetery reduced to ashes. The bodies were returned to their resting places.

The gravestones of the Brown family are still there, and the stone on which the hearts were burned. In the veins of one of the sisters, the old story goes, there was blood, proof of vampirism.

The object of burning the hearts was to procure medicine for the ailing Edwin A. Brown of West Wickford. He dissolved the ashes in the medicine his doctor was giving them. Apparently it was not effective, for later he went with three other North Kingstown men, two of whom at least are alive, hearty and prominent in town affairs today, to Colorado Springs to seek relief from his disease.

He came back after a while better but not cured, and died young.

It struck us as an altogether remarkable tale, not only because of the belief in the old superstition, but because of its persistence to comparatively recent times. The peculiar rite we have described occurred not longer ago than 1890.

The late Sidney S. Rider, historian and antiquarian, tells of a similar case in these plantations about the time of the outbreak of the Revolution. Unfortunately for record purposes he fails to locate it with any exactness.

In this instance, a young farmer, to whom Mr. Rider refers as Snuffy Stukeley, was the father of 14 children. The oldest, Sarah, died. Stukeley had a frequently recurring dream that half of his orchard died, and sure enough, one after the other, five of his children followed their oldest sister to the grave.

The logic of the case was vampirism. So after due consideration the six bodies were disinterred. Five were found badly decomposed.

Sarah's body, however, was in good condition and her arteries were filled with fresh blood. Her heart was removed and burned.

Notwithstanding the precaution, a seventh child, a son who had been ill at the time of the exhumation, died. There Mr. Rider's account stopped, leaving it to be inferred that the rest of the children reached maturity.

He said he had heard of a similar case at Wakefield, perhaps in a past too remote to obtain details inasmuch as he doesn't give them.

We hope this recital cheers you up. It's interesting to consider that there still may be people in the remoter parts of the State who have not been able to rid themselves of belief that there is something in the vampire idea.

The notion apparently found birth in Greece, perhaps even in Greek mythology. It obtained its strongest foothold in the Balkan States and the Carpathian sections of Austria and thereabouts. If anybody knows how it became rooted in Yankee minds we're not among them; it seems an utterly alien growth.

It seems to us also it must be harder to believe in vampires than in witches. We have yet to hear of any prosecution for witchcraft in this ancient community.



Sam Patch, Bridge Jumper

PAWTUCKET, which has produced its quota of famous men, has erected no memorial to the one who for a season brought the city its widest renown. Nor is it likely to, because he's pretty generally forgotten.

Nevertheless, we'd like to see some sort of tribute to Sam Patch, a native son. It might reasonably be his figure poised for a leap into the falls, recalling the exploits which made him as famous in his day as is Lindbergh in ours.

Sam Patch was born in Pawtucket in 1807. He died in the practice of his unique profession—jumping from high places—in 1829. Such was the notoriety he won that his name was a household word for half a century, and children of a recent generation were brought up with "The Sam Patch Picture Book" prominent in their nurseries.

One or two dictionaries of biography which outline his career classify him as an athlete. This is probably as close as the language allows. Sam belonged to such unclassifiable groups as flagpole sitters and gate crashers.

It is possible there are descendants of sisters or brothers living in Pawtucket today. He went to sea when hardly past boyhood, didn't like it, and returned to Pawtucket to become a cotton spinner. He didn't like that, either, and didn't stick at it long. His amusement was swimming and diving; at the latter there was no lad in town who could out-dare him.

He was a taciturn fellow. To judge from the crude drawings of his day he was stockily built and strong. In his silences he seemed always to be figuring on some more attractive and easier way of making a living than by working at a loom from daylight to dark, as was the custom of the time.

One day, with brief farewells, he left Pawtucket.

His next appearance was at Passaic, N. J. It was the autumn of 1827, Chasm Bridge over the Passaic River was building and nearly completed, and Sam announced that on the day the final span was dropped into place he would dive from it into the pool of the falls 90 feet below.

There was a big crowd on the day set, as many to see the dare-devil as to see the new bridge. The police forbade his making the advertised leap. Unable to get on the bridge, Sam appeared on an adjacent precipice, made a short speech setting forth that Mr. Crane,

the bridge engineer, had performed a great feat and he would show them another, and leaped.

Later he succeeded in jumping from the bridge itself.

His notoriety was instantaneous. The jump got considerably wider publicity than the bridge. On the strength of his advertising Sam started touring the country, going from town to town wherever the jumping was good.

Crowds flocked to see his performances. Having no way of charging admission, he had helpers pass the hat. The cash response was satisfactory; a dime or a quarter was not too much to see a national hero do his stuff.

Possessing a good deal of showman blood, Sam acquired in the course of his travels a fox and a small bear. Sometimes he would take the bear with him on a jump, although the creature never liked it.

He became known also as the author of two cryptic utterances which, as far as the records show, embraced his entire vocabulary. They constituted practically his sole conversation when he was in his cups. One was:

"Some things can be done as well as others."

The companion remark was:

"There's no mistake in Sam Patch."

Contemporaries remarked that he seemed a good-natured automaton. By October, 1829, having been jumping for a couple of years during which he had acquired an almost fabulous fame, he was ready for Niagara.

After looking at the cataract he decided to leave its complete conquest for another time. He contented himself on this occasion with jumping into the river from a shelving rock on Goat Island, about half the height of the falls.

His headquarters by now had been established at Rochester, N. Y. He announced that he was "determined to astonish the natives of the West before returning to the Jarseys," and would do so by leaping from a scaffold on the brink of the Genesee River Falls.

Although he didn't suspect it, Sam was close to the end of his career. The leap he proposed was 175 feet, about ten feet short of the height of the First Baptist Meeting House steeple.

One noticeable thing about Patch, and perhaps explaining why he was able to follow his dangerous line for two years, was the care with which he made his preparations. He took soundings of the pool below the Genesee falls, had his platform built, and made a practice jump. It was terrifying, but successful.

Then on Friday, November 13, he prepared for his great appearance. It seemed as if all western New York State had flocked to the spot. Excursions were run from Oswego, from Canada, from all around.

Sam made a brief speech and jumped. In mid-air his body turned, striking the water on his side. He disappeared and did not come up.

On March 27, 1830, the broken body was found in a cake of ice. His mother went from Pawtucket to see it, and charitable people provided her with transportation home. Sam Patch was buried at Charlotte, N. Y.

His fame lived long afterwards. Danforth Marble, a well known actor of the middle decades of the last century, for years played the title roles in "Sam Patch" and "Sam Patch in France," in which Sam was presented as a shrewd, old-fashioned Yankee. Robert C. Sands wrote "A Monody Made on the late Mr. Samuel Patch."

W. D. Howells in "Their Wedding Journey," published in 1872, devotes a considerable part of the chapter dealing with Rochester to Sam. He won a place in the national gallery of oddities even though "Some things can be done as well as others."

It was three-quarters of a century before America had another jumping hero. Then Steve Brodie leaped from Brooklyn Bridge.



Bodyguard to the Czar

"AUTON HOUSE" still stands on Westminster Street a little above Empire. It was the home of the Hoppin family, and the very name they gave their place expresses the atmosphere of affection and solidarity which prevailed there. Auton means self-contained or, in the Hoppin translation, "ourselves."

"Recollections of Auton House" is the name of a charming and now rather rare book in which the author, Augustus Hoppin, has written of life in the Hoppin home and the Providence of an earlier day. Also treasured by the family are the written recollections of the great-grandmother of today's generation, set down by her in 1868, when she was 77, for the pleasure of her children and grandchildren and of generations yet to be born.

She was Harriet Dunn Hoppin, daughter of Gov. William Jones of Rhode Island. She married Thomas C. Hoppin.

In the summer of 1933, one of Harriet Dunn Hoppin's great granddaughters, now living in Flushing, N. Y., took the North Cape cruise. Homeward bound, she stopped off four days at Leningrad, where she visited among other places Alexander Palace, built by Catherine the Great for her favorite grandson, who became Alexander I.

It was the home of the late Czar Nicholas and his family. From it they were taken to the prison in Siberia which became the scene of their execution.

At the end of a series of reception rooms in Alexander Palace, with figures in effigy stationed at intervals along the corridor, the visitor came on one of a small Negro, one of two guards at the entrance to a children's play room.

His was the only black face in the long line; all others were tall white men in uniform. He was gaily dressed in red Cossack trousers and blue cutaway coat trimmed with silver braid. A Paisley shawl was thrown over his shoulder and on his head he wore a turban.

At the entrance of the study used by the late Czar Nicholas another Negro figure stood guard. The sight of these two black faces struck some chord in the American visitor's memory, although at first she could not be certain what it was. Then, as her Russian guide, pointing to the second figure, said, "The Czar's faithful body servant," she recalled a chapter in her great-grandmother's reminiscences. Here was the story as Mrs. Thomas C. Hoppin wrote it:

"Our man servant (at Auton House) was named Timothy, and there was another man by the name of Claude Gabriel, who was a Santo Domingo native but had lived as a steward on merchant ships and, being married to a chambermaid of ours by the name of Prudy Jenkins, came at last to request permission of my father to go for the voyage of the Ann and Hope to Russia.

"While there, Captain Hicks took him to see a review of the troops before the emperor, who, being pleased with the Negro, sent to request Captain Hicks to come to talk with him, and then requested Claude to remain with him as his body servant and offered to support him.

"When told that he had a wife and family he said he must return in the ship and bring them out and they should be near his palace. His daughter was to be the empress's maid, and all should have servants to wait upon them when he came.

"In 1810 Claude Gabriel came home from St. Petersburg bringing letters from our minister, John Quincy Adams, to my father in his official capacity as governor, requesting that Claude and his family should be sent as soon as they could be prepared to St. Petersburg; that money would be furnished to make all purchases for them and that their passages would be paid. He said the Emperor would settle upon them a large sum and give Claude very high remuneration, clothe and give them a house and white servants (there never had been a black man there before) and settle them near the palace to which they would have constant access.

"Claude came to us with the richest clothes. He had three different suits of double-faced broadcloth, one of blue, one of red, one of black; the blue with red lining all woven together, the red with green lining, and the black with blue lining, all covered with gold lace and cord and fringe, with a broad red sash and a sword hanging in a quantity of gold chains.

"His trousers were of white broadcloth, worked very much with lace, and he had a gray pair and a blue pair. He wore sandals and a turban with a large and splendid tassel.

"He arrived the year before I was married and he would not go back until he had seen me married, and in 1811 he was determined to stand behind me during the ceremony, and when I went down to the supper room he insisted upon holding my train. He was very fond of us all, and particularly of me as I had named his oldest daughter. Our parlor maid (Patience Mott) went out with Prudence and her children."

Is the effigy in the long corridor of the Alexander Palace that of Claude Gabriel and that at the entrance to the playroom perhaps a son's, or the reverse?

The Russian guide, an intelligent girl, sought the answer to the question, but vainly as yet. She is still searching, however. Were the descendants of Claude Gabriel and Prudy Jenkins retained in the royal service, perhaps eventually to be overwhelmed in the debacle of empire?

In any event, a curious and oddly vivid story out of old Providence. We liked it and hoped you would.



Elder Palmer's Backsliding

WHEN Rev. R. A. Davenport, pastor of the Chestnut Hill Baptist Church in Exeter, told his congregation at a "home-coming" service the strange story of Elder Gershom Palmer he soft-pedaled a bit on the high spots.

It's a colorful story, full of the flavor of its era. Nathaniel Hawthorne would have found it to his taste; Mary Wilkins Freeman could have made good copy of it. They would have discovered in it, too, a moral which is not altogether clear to this antiquarian. Readers may, if they like, frame it for themselves.

We confess to a distinct weakness for Exeter, that far-flung, sparsely populated township of lovely wooded hills and clear streams along which in places you may fish for miles without sight of a human habitation. Its 1314 inhabitants of today are in a large part descended from families which lived there when in 1820 the census revealed a population of 2581. It boasted 2500 souls when the first census was taken in 1790.

Exeter's prosperity was at the peak when Elder Gershom Palmer was pastor of the Exeter Baptist Church, predecessor of the Chestnut Hill Church. On every water power there was a factory making cotton and woolen cloth, yarns, bull rakes and wooden articles of many kinds.

The church stood then on Exeter Hill where it had been established in 1750. The first building was a crude affair as might have been expected; the second, built in 1816, had two tiers of windows, a gallery, separate doors for men and women, and by and large was a credit to the town.

Elder Palmer's fame as exhorter and religious leader lives in local tradition. He came to the church in 1806. In 1816, when the new church was finished, he conducted a revival which won 200 converts. By 1825, under his direction, church membership had grown to the now almost incredible figure of 732. That was more than half the total population of Exeter today.

How any such number could be taken care of we don't pretend to know. The building's capacity, gallery and all, could not much have exceeded 200. Perhaps branch meetings were held in such remote sections as Woody Hill and Escoheag.

Elder Palmer's popularity was such that nobody thought of marrying without having him tie the knot. It happened that in the late

winter of 1827 three weddings were set for the same day with the Elder engaged for all.

He officiated at the first two. As was the custom of the time, rum was served freely, and Elder Palmer, being a companionable sort and immensely popular, partook generously but not wisely.

He didn't get around to marry the third couple until the next day. The bride and bridegroom were annoyed. Their parents demanded an explanation, and the Elder gave one.

He was on his way to the wedding, he said, when he came upon a man who had broken his leg. It seemed more important to him that he should stop and render assistance than that the wedding should be run off on schedule. So he stayed with the sufferer until it was too late to do any marrying.

Elder Palmer would appear to have been unpracticed in mendacity because in such a place as Exeter it was absurdly easy to establish the truth or falsity of his explanation. Who was the man? Where did he live? What was the pastor's condition after the second wedding party?

These questions were inevitable. It was inevitable also the story should out that the Elder got tight. The story spread that he had started for the third wedding in a wobbly state and had curled up beside the road somewhere to sleep off his liquor.

Nobody cared how much rum he had consumed, but that he should have lied was serious. There never had been such a scandal in the town before—perhaps there never has been one since to equal it. Everybody, whether within the fold or out of it, talked the matter over, some refusing to believe the pastor could do any wrong, others protesting he had disgraced his profession.

By April, 1827, a distinct falling off in church attendance was noticeable. Many who thitherto had been pillars said they could not sit under a preacher who had told a lie.

A church council was held, before which Elder Palmer was called, and repeated his explanation of the man with the broken leg. The members of the council voted that the charge against him had not been proved.

This did not reconcile the stay-aways, so in June, 1828, a council of leading members from neighboring churches was called to advise with Exeter. There were 20 pastors and brethren representing eight Baptist churches of the Stonington Union Association in this solemn conclave. Elder Palmer still refused to retract and the council found against him in these words:

“Resolved, That we consider the portion of the church of Exeter who now style themselves the church have upheld Elder Gershom Palmer in a palpable falsehood.”

Despite this verdict Elder Palmer’s supporters remained stanch and the Elder stayed on, sticking to his story. Church attendance continued to dwindle. Various other councils were held in efforts to heal the breach. A long time elapsed, however, before the props were finally pulled out from under the erring pastor.

The decision is entered in the yellowing record books of the church, now in possession of Horace J. Arnold, its clerk, dated Oct. 12, 1829, and signed by Christopher G. Greene, then clerk. It reads in part:

“This may certify that Elder Gershom Palmer is excluded from the Baptist Church of Exeter for the sin of reporting a palpable falsehood, who being admonished to clear the cause of Christ has refused the authority of the church; consequently,

“Resolved, To withdraw the hand of church fellowship from Elder Gershom Palmer until he returns to the Lord by repentance and to the church by confession.”

That ended Elder Palmer with the Exeter Church. But it did not end his activity. Those who had been loyal for more than two years continued to support him, following his leadership to the founding of a new church at Liberty.

The rest, who had stayed away because they could not condone his “palpable falsehood,” now became Exeter Church. It was about an even split. The parent church still had as many members as the building could hold, and a new place of worship burgeoned near the banks of the Queen’s River, where now are deep woods and then were prosperous farms and small factories.

There must be a moral in the story, but you’ll have to phrase it for yourself.



Joseph Williams

WHENEVER this writer takes a vow to lay off discussion of cemeteries and everything pertaining thereto something happens to upset his good intentions. This time it’s an inquiry about Joseph Williams, son of Roger — was he or wasn’t he a Theosophist, and if so or if not so what is the significance of the epitaph on his gravestone in the family burying lot in Roger Williams Park?

Perhaps an intention to abstain from talking about last resting places isn’t a good one. There are so many of them in Rhode Island, and of character so varied, that they constitute an important feature of the landscape in these plantations. To the genealogist they are priceless, telling him who his great-great-grandfather was and thereby enabling him to gain admission to sundry exclusive organizations.

As to whether J. Williams was or was not a Theosophist, one guess is as good as another. The idea that he may have been one occurs because an important item of Theosophist belief is reincarnation in some different form, and the epitaph in the park, which you may read for yourself, runs as follows:

“In King Philip’s War he courageously went through
And the native Indian he bravely did subdue,
And now he’s gone down to the grave and he will be no more
Until it pleased Almighty God his body to restore
Into some proper shape as He thinks fit to be,
Perhaps as a grain of wheat as Paul sets forth, you see.”

There follows a reference to Paul’s remarks on the general subject, but lichens have grown thick on the stone since Joseph was interred, and the turf has crept up around its foot until it’s difficult to read. By poisoning yourself carefully on your right ear you might decipher it. This method not appealing to us in so public a spot, we turned to study of Paul’s writings.

The answer lies in the first letter the apostle wrote to the church at Corinth. In the fifteenth chapter, verses 36, 37 and 38, he says:

“That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him.”

We take it that was what whoever thought up the lines which mark Joseph Williams’s last resting place had in mind. Perhaps

Joseph himself prepared the epitaph in anticipation of death. If so they reflect unquestionably his own thoughts. But they seem rather more likely to have been assembled after his death, quite probably by his pastor.

As to Theosophical inclination, it would seem to depend on individual interpretation. The Apostles' Creed, which proclaims belief in "the resurrection of the body," was out of fashion among the early settlers of Rhode Island. They seem not to have concerned themselves generally with what was going to happen to the mortal tenement. Our own idea is that Joseph took a naturalistic view of the matter, figuring that his flesh would promote other growths.

Joseph was born in December, 1643, six months after Roger had sailed for England on his successful quest for the first charter. He was eight months old when his father first saw him after his triumphal return. Quite possibly mother and baby had places in one of the 14 canoes which swept out on the Seekonk to give the founder his triumphant welcome in August, 290 years ago this month.

There is one curious reference to him as a boy of 16 in a letter Roger wrote to his friend John Winthrop of Connecticut. He says:

"My youngest son Joseph was troubled with a spice of epilepsy. We used some remedies, but it hath pleased God by his taking of tobacco perfectly as we hope to cure him."

Joseph was 31, in the full strength of his manhood, when he bravely did subdue the Indians in the great war.

He held by gift from his father the Pawtuxet land allotted to Roger, including the greater part of what is now included in the park. These were part of several stretches of vacant lands both east and west of the seven mile line distributed among the freeholders of the early town.

The records reveal that Roger, generous though he was in distribution of his property, did not give away all he had, as might be inferred from a letter his son Daniel wrote in 1710. Daniel said specifically that he gave away all, and was pinched in his old age, and his letter would imply that he had to take care of both father and mother. Roger actually died possessed of an adequate amount of real estate after having bestowed farms on children and grandchildren.

If Joseph Williams had a touch of what later came to be known as Theosophy he came by it legitimately. His father passed his whole life trying to sift truth from falsehood.

Roger is set down on the tablet at the front door of the First Baptist Meeting House as the founder of that church, but his latest biog-

rapher, James Ernst, declares that he never joined the Baptist church. He went to their meetings for three or four months, "in which time he brake off from his Society," wrote Richard Scott, his contemporary and severest critic, "and declared at large the ground and reason of it, that their Baptism could not be right because it was not administered by an Apostle."

After that he was for the rest of his life a Seeker. That was the word applied to a large body of dissenters on both sides of the ocean who were trying to reconcile reason and religious belief.

No doubt in the course of his meditations Roger gave a lot of thought to the fate of the body after death. Very likely he talked these matters over with his youngest son, Joseph:

Milking the cows where now Providence dwellers seek recreation in their beautiful park, picking apples, ploughing and hoeing, Joseph would have had the opportunity to think about these matters. He knew how a grain of wheat grows and the corn swells in the ear. In some such way as that his body after death would live again.

That's what we think his epitaph means. Any reader who wants to think otherwise may do so without written license.



The Case of George Washington Bowen

WITH every approach of Washington's Birthday we feel the urge to review the strange story of George Washington Bowen.

If you were in Providence and of noticing age in the early 1880's, you may have seen him. He was tall, distinguished looking, handsome, and according to many witnesses bore a striking resemblance to the Father of His Country. That likeness, with some singular implications surrounding it, colored his entire life.

Bowen's story in its entirety is surely one of the most glamorous that have burgeoned on the fruitful bough of Providence. It came to full flower in the decade from 1869 to 1879, when Bowen was an unsuccessful suitor for the estate left by Madame Eliza Bowen Jumel, claiming it as her illegitimate son.

There is no reason to doubt that his claim was true. The identity of his father, on the other hand, must always remain idle speculation. But the jury which listened to testimony in Bowen's behalf in the United States Circuit Court at New York found against him, and the United States Supreme Court reported no error.

Bowen's history begins properly with the arrival in Providence of Phoebe Kelley of Taunton, daughter of John Kelley of Taunton, and a strumpet if ever there was one. At 14 Phoebe married John Bowen, a sailor. He was away a good deal, and during his absence she lived with whoever came handiest.

Bowen may or may not have been the father of the girl baby Phoebe bore in 1775. The child was known as Betsy; very likely her full name was Elizabeth, but in later life she always called herself Eliza.

Her education was what you might expect from such a mother. You get an idea of it from the fact that the pair—Betsy then being seven—were resident at the "old gaol house" in Providence along with sundry notorious women, both white and black, when on a sultry night in July, 1782, a mob actuated by high moral principles and a desire for excitement tore the place down. Phoebe and Betsy were committed to the care of Town Sergeant Bowen.

Betsy Bowen was 19 and Providence was about 6500 strong when in 1794 George Washington Bowen was born. He testified in his suit for the Jumel estate that his first recollections were of the gambrel-roofed house on Charles street owned by Reuben Ballou, the butch-

er. Ballou made a record of the birth in an old book which was offered in testimony, but was ruled out:

"George Washington Bowen born of Eliza Bowen at my house in town, Providence, R. I., this 9th October, 1794."

One of the various notable mysteries in the story is why Ballou kept the lad a member of his family until he was eight or nine years old, when he was sent to North Providence to live with Smith Wilbur, a farmer. The question of paternity was carefully avoided at the trial, although Bowen's lawyer, Chauncey Shaffer, rather stressed the idea that Ballou was the lad's father. Bowen testified that Ballou usually addressed him as son.

Suspicion has persisted, however, that some man of far greater prominence than the Charles Street butcher fathered the lad. Those who oppose the suggestion that Ballou was the parent submit that if he had been he would not have thrown the boy practically on his own at the age of nine.

Betsy Bowen, having got into trouble and out of it, began to look around for larger fields. She was smart, pretty, had charm and was fully conscious of her potentialities. It was natural that she should turn to New York as a proper stage on which to play the part of which she dreamed.

After various adventures of precisely the sort which would befall a young woman of her type she turned up as housekeeper for Stephen Jumel, the wealthy physician and wine importer, who had bought the Roger Morris house on Washington Heights. We can't resist recalling the story which is told of her marriage.

The kindly old Frenchman, it is said, returning from a business absence of several days, found Betsy in bed, a doctor and priest at her side, quite clearly in extremis. The doctor was in the plot; the priest doubtless had been deceived.

In any event, Dr. Jumel was told that Betsy must shortly die and was in great anguish of soul because she had been living in sin. A proper marriage would enable her to pass on in peace. Jumel agreed, the ceremony was performed, and Betsy promptly hopped out of bed and danced around the room, rescued from "a fate worse than death" by the smile of the church.

Probably she made the old man happy. She was sprightly and entertaining. He had been dead a good many years when she became the bride of Aaron Burr, then 79. She died intestate July 16, 1865, and was buried in Trinity Church Cemetery.

While all this was going on, her illegitimate son in Providence was

making his own way in the world. At 21, he was a weaver. Then he learned the baking trade, bought a grocery store, was in the "lottery and exchange business" before lotteries were outlawed, and appears generally to have been a good citizen who commanded the respect of his fellows.

He married Anna H. Westcott at 25, and had two children. Many years after her death, when he was about 70, he married Emma A. Loomis. He lived in his later years in a house on Hewes Street near Benefit.

Although he never had talked with his mother, he followed her career with a good deal of interest. She made a practice of going to Saratoga summers, and he went there on several occasions, watching her from a distance. It is curious to speculate on his motives and the thoughts which must have passed through his mind.

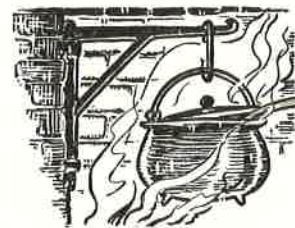
It was not until 1867, two years after her death, he said, that he learned an illegitimate child could inherit. The big lawsuit actually dated from that discovery.

Charles O'Connor, then leader of the New York bar, and James C. Carter were counsel for the defendant, Nelson Chase. Chase had married the illegitimate daughter of Madame Jumel's sister, Polly Clark. She was dead, but two adult children survived.

As may well be imagined the trial was the sensation of the day. William D. Shipman was the presiding justice. He charged that if the plaintiff was found to be the son of Eliza Bowen Jumel, a verdict should be returned for him, but if not, for the defendant. The jury was out only a few hours before rendering against Bowen.

The net results were a fee of \$100,000 for Carter, who carried the burden of the defense; \$75,000 for O'Connor, costs against Bowen and a great shrinkage of the Jumel estate. The mansion, which for a time during the Revolution served Washington as headquarters, now is the property of New York city, and in custody of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who house there an interesting collection of Washington relics.

OLD CUSTOMS AND HISTORIC PLACES



Eighteenth Century Doctoring

UNDEREXPOSED photograph of an eighteenth century physician:

His name was Charles Higginbotham. If you had a cold in your chest in 1755 you called him. He gave you some pectoral electuary, which was the four-dollar name in his day for cough syrup, and when he got back to his home in Oaklawn wrote it down in his journal, charging anywhere from one pound up according to the distance he traveled.

Or maybe you needed some elixir vitae and cordials, two pounds four shillings; or stomaticks, two pounds sixteen shillings; or a simple emetic, which cost only twelve shillings.

The good doctor was unquestionably one of the busiest men of his day, perhaps the champion. He is with us in this Century of Progress only in his long, slim, vellum-bound day journal covering the years 1755 to 1759, the property of his widow's descendant, Dr. Niles Westcott of Butler Hospital.

This volume, which we have been privileged to study, shows the amazing total of 531 separate and distinct patients scattered over miles of countryside of which Dr. Higginbotham's home at Oaklawn was the center. They were mostly resident in Cranston, Warwick, Coventry and Scituate, but sometimes the doctor went farther abroad.

His journeyings were on horseback, with saddlebags to hold his vials. The journal, aside from throwing light on medical practice, has value as a record of dwellers in Cranston and neighboring towns in the middle of the eighteenth century.

There were ten different Westcotts on his books, including an inevitable Stukely. The Westcotts were a Warwick family, although one or two Samuels lived in Cranston. Also there were nine Watermans, three Budlongs, Rhodeses, Willetts, Youngs, Tillinghasts—in fact, all the old families which still persist in being prominent and important.

Aside from his journal not much information has come down about Dr. Higginbotham. The extent of his practice suggests that he was the only physician in his part of the country. Or it may be he enjoyed public confidence to an extent which precluded competition.

Family tradition has it that he arrived at Oaklawn from the South

County. The legend also has come down that he was a Huguenot, but in view of his essentially English name it is more likely he was of Huguenot blood on the distaff side. There were plenty of Huguenots in both Kings and Kent Counties, descended from the scattered colony at Frenchtown in East Greenwich which had been established about 1686.

Medical practitioners in the colonies in Dr. Higginbotham's day frequently had their training in France, which gave foreign students all facilities, including admission to clinics. England denied this to outsiders. Thus it happened that the French school of medicine served American colonists.

Dr. Higginbotham had among his textbooks a London Pharmacopoeia published in 1751, and a Riolan's Anatomy, which had been written in Latin and translated into English. Riolan was a Frenchman whose fame today rests largely on his opposition to Harvey's theory of circulation of the blood. He didn't believe that the blood circulates and took considerable trouble to give his doubts wide distribution.

Then there was in the Higginbotham equipment a book on surgery by James Cook. These survive, and with them a few surgical instruments, including a tooth extractor.

This pleasant machine was designed to get a firm grip on a tooth and pull it by turning a screw a little at a time. Either the tooth or the jawbone was bound to give.

Where Natick avenue crosses Wilbur avenue in Cranston there was until within a few years a cellar hole, all that remained of the doctor's home and office. Even that would be hard to find now.

But a study of his journal suggests that Dr. Higginbotham's only need was for a stable to which he could repair for a change of horses between trips. He went down to East Greenwich to treat Francis Barker, wife and child, always reckoning into his charge the length of the trip. There were, for example:

"To my visit and three cathartics, one pound sixteen shillings. To my visit and advice, one pound. To electuary astringens, one pound, two shillings. (An electuary was any kind of medicinal powder administered in syrup.) To elixir vitae (he spells it vitea) one pound, four shillings."

His charges appear high because we think of the pound as worth \$4.86½ or thereabouts. Actually they were based on money values as they were during the long fever of fiat currency, at some periods of which a pound sovereign was worth a hundred or more Rhode Island

pounds. It would take more mathematics than this writer can command to calculate what a visit from the doctor cost in sound money.

Also no doubt he had as large a proportion of bad debts as medical practitioners today. There is nothing to show that he amassed one of the great fortunes of his time.

Phlebotomy (bleeding — he spelled it always with an F) was a frequent entry. His surgical charges were not excessive. He debited David Roberts of Cranston only three pounds for “cutting cancer out of lip,” and Townsend Briggs ten shillings for “drawing of wife’s tooth.”

Sometimes, it appears, Dr. Higginbotham received a patient into his house, which thereby became quite probably the first hospital in Cranston. Arnold, son of Mrs. Hilton of Providence, widow, sojourned at the Higginbotham home in 1759. The doctor gave him doses of “anti-hypochrondiack” at one pound, six shillings a throw, sudorifics and cathartics, and charged him six pounds a week for board and attendance.

Hypochondria in this day is the state of thinking you’re sick when you are not. What it stood for 170 years ago we haven’t an idea. Psychiatrists get cases of that sort now.

He was a careful bookkeeper, setting down everything and transferring to ledgers which have vanished. Some of his pay he took in goods and services.

A few of these prices throw light on the way prices jump when money is inflated. There are credits to John Potter of Cranston, two and one-half gallons of molasses, three pounds; corn, 40 shillings a bushel; half-barrel of mackerel, ten pounds.

He credited Jonathan Williams with three pounds for a pair of shoes, and a few months later Job Joy seven pounds for a pair “made by Cole”; thirty pounds for one pair buckskin “britches,” making and buttons, two pounds for a jacket and two pounds for making two shirts.

The value of money shifted with the elusiveness of a drop of mercury. Probably when Dr. Higginbotham inquired the price of the new pair of “britches” he had ordered he was amazed at the moderation of his own charges.



Beach Pond Day

BEACH Pond Day was always the last Saturday in June. Haying did not start then until the Fourth of July. Winters were longer as well as colder than now; nature apparently has changed as much as human customs.

On the eastern or Rhode Island shore of the pond is a beach of fine sand from which this lovely body of water takes its name. A few families started along there each year to get this particularly fit sand for making scythe rifles.

This was before the days of cheap scythestones and ten cent stores. A rifle was the equivalent of a scythestone. It was a grooved stick, the groove filled with tallow into which the whetting sand was rubbed. The word itself has almost passed out of use in its original sense, so that when you hear it nowadays you think only of a firearm.

In case you are less familiar with Rhode Island geography than you ought to be, Beach Pond lies on the boundary line between this state and Connecticut, being shared about equally. The Rhode Island half is in the town of Exeter; the storied Ten Rod Road which snaketracks across the state from salt water in North Kingstown to Voluntown, Conn., skirts its southern edge.

To the beach on the Rhode Island side, therefore, a few families, perhaps only one originally, began resorting each year on the last Saturday in June for a supply of rifle sand and a picnic. From them the word of this inexhaustible supply of a farm necessity spread. Other families joined them in the excursion.

Everybody rode on horseback because the roads were rough—as indeed they still are in those parts—but most especially because wheeled vehicles, except heavy farm wagons, were almost non-existent. Each year found a larger gathering on this last June Saturday, before the hard work in the haying field started. Corn and potatoes were well under way and had a good going over during the week before Beach Pond Day, which thus became a sort of breathing spell between seasons of extra exertion.

After the sand had been gathered and luncheon prepared, spread and eaten, with generous draughts of rum, there would be talk about horses, their merits and their speed, with presently a race on the hard beach. Then the winner would be challenged.

The supremacy of one horse having been established, a couple of lusty young farmers would engage in a wrestling match, which was

followed by others until it was decided who was the best wrestler in that countryside. While this was going on the women sat in the shade and exchanged news and cooking recipes. The preserving season was just coming in, so this worked out for the good of everybody.

After a while not only Exeter folk, but farmers from West Greenwich, Richmond, North Kingstown, nearby Connecticut and even farther away began participating in Beach Pond Day, and it became a crowd. Then the racketeers broke in.

The gambler of that era saw his opportunity and promoted the racing and wrestling, the weight throwing and sprints, to his own profit. Sellers of rum flocked to the beach, dealing out liquor in tin cups at three cents a drink. Intoxication became the rule.

The popular card game was loo. This is a very old game well suited to gambling. Any number under seventeen can play. The gamblers sat on the grass or squatted on their haunches around a blanket which served as the gambling table.

Loo played honestly is strictly a game of chance, but slickers from the city, attracted to Beach Pond Day by holiday crowds, introduced skill where it would do them the most good—that is, in shuffling. Stacking a deck of cards is no new art, although few of the farmers who played loo knew anything about it.

The result was losses for the natives and frequently fights. As the day wore on and the fascinations of the various sports dimmed the picnickers grew irritable. Little children became tired and fretful, their mothers tired and anxious, and some of the fathers tired, a bit drunk and quarrelsome.

So the day wound up usually with a few exhibitions of fighting as it was done before the Marquis of Queensbury thought up his rules. Gouging and biting were part of it. The contestants mostly rolled on the ground, endeavoring with all they had to combine the best features of wrestling, boxing and manslaughter.

There is no record, however, that anybody ever was killed at Beach Pond Day, or even permanently maimed. The only name that has come down to us of these pugnacious yokels is that of one "Stunt" Green of Richmond, who always went to the festivities full of peace and goodwill toward men, always drank too much rum and always wound up in a fight. From the little that is remembered of him he appears to have been cast in the old heroic mould.

Beach Pond Day continued to be observed until into the '60s of the past century and perhaps even later. It might have been kept up until now, but that it got too rough for the better class, and presently,

because of dwindling attendance, unprofitable for the racketeers.

After scythestones became abundant and cheap there was no longer the excuse of getting rifle sand for the men to offer. So Beach Pond Day passed, and all that is known of it now is what has been handed down from one generation to another on snow-swept evenings in Exeter.

These facts which we have related were given us by Edward P. Dutemple, the sage of Exeter Hill.

There were two other great annual holidays peculiar to the southwestern part of the State. One fell on the first Sunday in August, when those who boasted Narragansett Indian blood gathered at the church in Charlestown, swam in the ocean and passed a day out of doors.

Whites with no Indian blood at all joined them, finding the assemblage a sufficient excuse for an outing. They were not the best class palefaces. Rum, the popular and universally sold drink of that period, played its part along with gambling, and the picnics went rough house.

The "Indian wash days" still are observed, but the objectionable features provided by an influx of people who didn't belong have been eliminated. Descendants of Canonicus are allowed now to run their own parties.

The other big occasion was the general meeting of the Six Principle Baptists. There is so much to be told about that, what with a little moralizing and a touch of maudlin sentiment, that it will have to await another occasion.



When Faith and Hard Work Counted

“GRAMMA” Austen, as her many friends call her — Mrs. Mary Austen of North Scituate — was bearish on the idea that the Century of Progress has been rightly named. Dowered for pretty nearly the first time in a busy, useful life with leisure to think things over while her broken hip was mending at Rhode Island Hospital, she leaned heavily to the thought that the world was ordered better when she was a girl.

Being in her 91st year, “when she was a girl” covered quite a stretch. Take this unemployment business, for example — there was none of that in her early experience.

Certainly her father was abundantly employed. He was hired man on a Scituate farm. His wages were \$12 a month for six months of the year and \$8 a month the rest of the time.

In addition he had a house to live in, kept chickens, a pig, a cow, made garden and raised a family. You can't call that unemployment. If time ever began to drag during the winter he could go out and cut wood for the fireplaces.

She herself never had to worry about unemployment in the more than 80 years of her active life. She was nine when she got her first job in a cotton factory at Chepachet, and for 15 hours work a day was rewarded with 67 cents a week. Pretty good for a little girl, we'd say.

Before it was quite light she was stubbing her way along to the mill, where she stood guard over a drawing machine which turned out long rolls of cotton batting. This was in great demand for comforters, the making of which is dwindling to join the lost arts.

Partly by dint of being attentive to her task, but more because the overseer was sweet on her sister, she got promotion after a while. Her work then became wrapping one pound rolls of batting into sheets of thin blue paper and pasting the edges.

Before starting at the factory she had been educated at West Scituate Academy, where Miss Tourtellotte was teacher. In the corner of the school room was a dunce block on which any pupil caught whispering or turning around had to stand.

He held this position until he caught some other pupil committing a crime, when he would tell teacher and yield his place. Thus the dunce block was kept always occupied.

“Gramma” Austen has to laugh when she remembers how close she came to standing on the block one day because a boy, tired of

staying there, mendaciously alleged that she had turned around. But the teacher, who liked her pretty well, took her word for it and the word of the little girl sitting behind her that she hadn't done any such thing and the dunce of the moment had to stick it out a while longer.

With Mary's 67 cents a week and her father's \$12 a month — \$8 in winter — there was a good deal of comfort in the home. Saturday was always baking day. The fireplace oven was heated, and into it went enough bread and pies and gingerbread to last a whole week.

After these things were cooked the beans and Indian pudding for Sunday breakfast took their place, to be left until needed and brought out the next day cooked through and tasting like nothing you get nowadays. The beans were cooked Rhode Island style in a pan, with plenty of pork, not Boston way in pots. If you lived 500 years you wouldn't forget breakfasts like that.

When baking was required between Saturdays it could be done in the tin baker propped up in front of the open fire. Heating the brick oven was too much of an undertaking to be entered on lightly. It took a long time, a lot of wood, and a good deal of cleaning and shoveling out of live coals after the bricks were heated through. Beside the fireplace always stood a brush of green walnut twigs for sweeping the oven before the pies went in.

One thing you must remember about cooking in “Gramma” Austen's childhood is that there were no such leavening or raising mediums as baking powder. All that was done with yeast. Not the prepared, compressed yeast of today, but potato yeast, compounding which was part of every housewife's duty.

You always kept a little of the last batch of yeast as culture for the next, which you prepared by grating potato and pouring boiling water over it. Potato yeast had a pleasantly sourish smell and a powerful kick.

If you ever ran out of yeast you borrowed a cupful from your neighbor to start the next lot with. All over the country the same thing was happening, with housewives running to one another's kitchen doors borrowing yeast, and where it all started we'd like to know.

It's our idea, subject to correction, that the Pilgrims brought a batch of yeast with them from Europe, and that all the potato yeast all over the land grew from that first lot. We can't think how else it could have happened.

“Gramma” Austen is not conscious that there ever was a dearth of fresh meat, even though there wasn't money enough in most homes

in her neighborhood to buy from the butcher's cart. It worked out this way, she says — when her father killed a pig he gave rib roasts and other sections to his neighbors, and when they killed a few weeks later they returned the favor.

The same thing happened with cattle and sheep. There never was any money exchange in these transactions, but by the system all were enabled to have fresh meat. If a surplus of beef came to hand every housewife knew how to corn it, just as she knew how to make soft soap out of fats and lye from wood ashes.

Coffee was scarce, but rye roasted crisp and ground, or stale brown bread treated the same way, made a good drink. When coffee was bought it came in the green bean which had to be roasted at home and ground.

Oranges and lemons were rare luxuries, bananas unknown. It wasn't until after she was married that "Gramma" Austen saw her first bunch of bananas, hung up in a store at Chepachet. She asked her husband what in the world he supposed those things were, and he didn't know, either.

Apples, on the other hand, were plentiful and used more than now. Barrels of winter apples, mostly Greenings and Baldwins, were put in the cellar. In addition, her mother would prepare a barrel of apple butter.

This was made by boiling cider and sweet apples down to a solid mass. This made a palatable, nourishing sauce with wonderful keeping qualities.

Well, that was a long time ago, when James K. Polk of Tennessee was President and Charles Jackson of Providence Governor. After working at Chepachet for some time "Gramma" Austen went to Spragueville and got \$1 a week. That was so much money she didn't quite know what to do with it.

When she was 14 she became a housekeeper. At 16 she married. There were sound economic reasons as well as others for matrimony. Hard times hit the country in the late 50's. The mills closed down. Daughters without gainful employment were a liability. Early marriages helped to spread the load.

What impressed us as much as anything was "Gramma" Austen's conviction at going on 91 that faith and hard work outweigh hard times.

The Ramtail Factory Haunt

THE only building in Rhode Island officially haunted was the oddly named Ramtail Factory in Foster. It came to our notice in the volume entitled "Rhode Island Census, 1885," compiled under direction of the late Amos Perry, Superintendent of Census.

It is exceedingly pleasant once or twice in a while to turn one's back on today's complicated distresses and consider an era when people were permitted to starve in peace, without interference by city, state, or nation. No income tax, no gasoline tax, no radios, no movies. It all sounds very alluring, and no doubt everyone worried just as much then as today.

If you like to curl up with a good book sometimes we recommend an old census report. It's unsurpassed in curling qualities.

But to return to the officially haunted Ramtail Factory, there was clearly no doubt about the matter in Mr. Perry's mind. He didn't qualify the word. There are no quotes to suggest that "This is what people say about it," or a question mark to indicate a shade of doubt.

It was this directness which led us to dig out the story. When the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations puts its impress of haunted on a place we simply have to know.

Ramtail Factory, we found, passed out of material existence in 1873, more than 60 years ago. It had quit production several years earlier and fallen into decay. One night some of the flaming youth of Foster, who may have grown tired of having a ghost hanging around the shores of their favorite trout brook, touched off the remains. It made an agreeable conflagration.

Ramtail was not only a factory, but a village as well, on the Ponagansett, whose water the good people of Providence now drink. It was set a few rods south of the Danielson Pike in Foster, a short distance from the hamlet of Hopkin's Mills.

The spot is pretty well overgrown now, but you can see the cellar holes of vanished homes, the mill foundations buried in scrub oak, and trace the course of the flume which turned its wheels.

It made cotton cloth. The proprietors were the brothers Potter and a party named Peleg Walker, who may have been a relative since his dust lies in the Potter burying ground. The Potters ran the mill daytimes, and Walker was night watchman.

After long association they had a falling out over money. Nobody



THE WHEEL WAS RUNNING BACKWARDS

knows today what the trouble was, but it must have seemed pretty important at the time because Walker threatened that to get into the mill his partners some morning would have to take the key from a dead man's pocket.

Sure enough one morning a while later, when the mill bell failed to ring, the Potters went to open the mill and found it locked. Breaking in a window, they discovered Walker hanging from the pull rope. He was quite dead.

They gave him a proper funeral three days later and laid him away in the tree-shaded plot just north of the pike.

That night at the hour of 12 the bell, mounted on top of the mill's peaked roof, began ringing furiously. The hands, living in small houses close by, and the Potters, who were a little farther away, came running, went into the mill, and discovered there wasn't a soul there.

They couldn't figure it out, but probably a little seed of suspicion sprouted in their minds. The bell rang for a full five minutes, becoming quiet just when the investigators reached the spot.

Just so nothing like that would happen again to disturb the serenity of their factory, the Potters took the pull rope off the bell. But a few nights later the bell started ringing again at the same hour, and every night after that, according to old stories, until in despair the partners took the bell itself down.

That rather stumped the spook for a while. He was an ingenious fellow, however. Late one evening, after the workers had quieted down for the night, there was a great creaking and the neighbors discovered, to their utter confusion, that the mill wheel, which was driven by the waters of the Ponagansett, was revolving—backwards.

This was contrary to all natural laws. Stories of the haunted factory began spreading over the countryside. The mill hands got nervous and some quit their jobs.

The owners of the mill were approaching their wits' ends. There wasn't anything they could do about it, however, except say "Pooh, pooh," which they did so often that it became second nature to them. If you asked one of them what time it was, he was as likely to say, "Pooh, pooh," as to give you the hour.

There were two other contributions to the ghostology of Ramtail. Not long after the affair of the backward-turning wheel, when nervous systems were beginning to quiet down a bit and people were sleeping better, dwellers in the mill houses were awakened at the traditional hour by the whirr and clatter of the plant going full tilt.

Saying to one another, "It's that blankety ghost again," they

turned out en masse and, sure enough, there was the factory running at top speed, every wheel, loom, spindle and what not turning and the building utterly untenanted. The busy spell lasted long enough for these facts to be ascertained when some courageous fellow shut off the wheel and things quieted down.

Only once did anyone see the ghost. Three men one cold winter night, passing nearby, caught a glimpse of a figure all in white and swinging a lantern pass from the mill door to the waste house, disappear for a moment and return to the mill.

The figure and the gait, of course, were those of Peleg Walker. He was making his rounds. This story, like the others, lost nothing in the telling, and the entire mill force dropped back once more to the slippery edge of nervous prostration.

And that is where the story of the haunted factory ends; at least we were unable to learn of any more apparitions. Nobody now remembers even whether the ghost had anything to do with the passing of the factory, although it is reasonable to assume that he made plenty of trouble for the owners.

Also—what he could hardly have foreseen—he got himself into history as Rhode Island's only official haunt.



Devil's Foot

DEVIL'S Foot is one of those places which tradition has made its own. It is a spot which inspires legends, none of which can quite be substantiated, even the one which provides its name.

This is the tradition that the devil stepped on its ledge of rock en route from somewhere to somewhere else. He was accompanied by his dog, which shared some of the qualities of its master. Both were so hot that they left footprints in the hard granite, and their tracks are plainly visible to this day.

The devil isn't as popular as he used to be—there are, indeed, a good many people who don't believe in him at all, and even more who are disrespectful about him. But you can't get away from the fact that the tracks are there, both his and his dog's, with some smaller spots where his tail touched. He appears to have had about a No. 12 foot.

One story is that he stepped across to Devil's Foot from Conanicut Island bound Westerly-way. Another, which we prefer to believe, is that he came from Massachusetts, having completed establishment of his kingdom there, and was headed for Connecticut to continue his labors. There are two guesses as to why he passed through Rhode Island so swiftly. One is that he was convinced he couldn't do any proselyting in this state, the other that it was his already so he didn't have to linger.

Devil's Foot is at the side of the Post Road about 18 miles south from Market Square. It is the north end of a ledge of rock which reaches from the Davisville to the Ten Rod Road.

The whole section is a tangle of second-growth and bull brier, morass and poison ivy. It is admirably suited to the frolics of witches and discontented ghosts. Yet from high spots on its eastern face some of the finest views of the lower bay obtainable anywhere may be enjoyed.

While the peculiar markings which give Devil's Foot its name are visible only along the bare ledge at the north end, it is possible they reach the entire length, hidden by leaf mold, gravel deposits and brush. Where they have been found they make a clear trail heading southwest.

Not as many are in sight now as in former years. A contractor bought several acres there and took out the stone of which the New-

port city hall was built. His derrick pole still stands. Other stone was removed for the Narragansett sea wall. In the course of these operations some of the best defined footprints were destroyed.

Others have been covered over by accumulations of moss and bushes. Enough are left to maintain the name and character of the place.

Although the Devil's Foot name has been appropriated to only two business undertakings, a vineyard and a bait shop, the ledge itself appears to have been a landmark from Indian days. In 1672 Awashowat, Indian sachem, made a grant of land now known as Fones Purchase "north of the Devil's Foot." Trumbull, whose work on the Indian languages of southern New England is standard and useful, says the place name Cawcumquissick, which has been altered into Cocumcussoc, meant "place of the marked rock" and referred to Devil's Foot.

The name appears to have belonged to the brook which flows across Cocumcussoc Farm, later known as Stony Brook. This is two miles from Devil's Foot, and Cocumcussoc means marshy meadows.

Another idea about the place we never have found any good reason to accept is that it was the place where Canonicus, the great and good high sachem of the Narragansett, friend of the whites and pal of Roger Williams, made his residence. The late Thomas W. Bicknell was so firmly convinced of this that he set up on the ledge a stone, still in place with this inscription:

CANONICUS

1564—1647

T. W. B.

1924

The date of death is established by Williams himself. Where Mr. Bicknell found out his birth year we don't know, although it is of record that Canonicus was along in years when the whites arrived.

But there seems no good reason why Canonicus should have made his home on this rock, so far from the centre of Indian population, which was around Wickford Cove. Also he gave Williams land for his trading post near where he lived, and the post, later purchased by Richard Smith, is believed to have been on Cocumcussoc.

In addition there is the matter of Canonicus's Spring, a spot known to the settlers. There is a trickle of a brook beside Devil's Foot which drains from a swamp, but no spring. On Cocumcussoc, however, there is a very fine spring close to where the Pequot Path ran.

It probably was inevitable that the haze of legend which has surrounded Devil's Foot should have inspired the versifiers. The one we like best has to do with lovely Polly of Apponaug:

She was six feet in height, her eyes they were blue,

And to tell you the truth a little askew;

I've never mentioned her feet or her hand.

But the former, they say, wanted plenty of land,

After all, she looked wholesome, if not very gay,

Yet would not compare with the girls of our day.

One day along came a teamster who, seeing Polly at the gate, asked for a drink of cider. She fell for him hard. He invited her to elope and she accepted. Then what do you think happened?

In an instant the form of a monster he took;

The maid with affright and astonishment shook

As she gazed at his face with eyes full of tears.

His nose like the claw of a lobster appears,

A shock of thick eel-grass surrounded his head,

His beard of fine coral, a bright, flaming red,

His teeth like barnacles that cling to a ship,

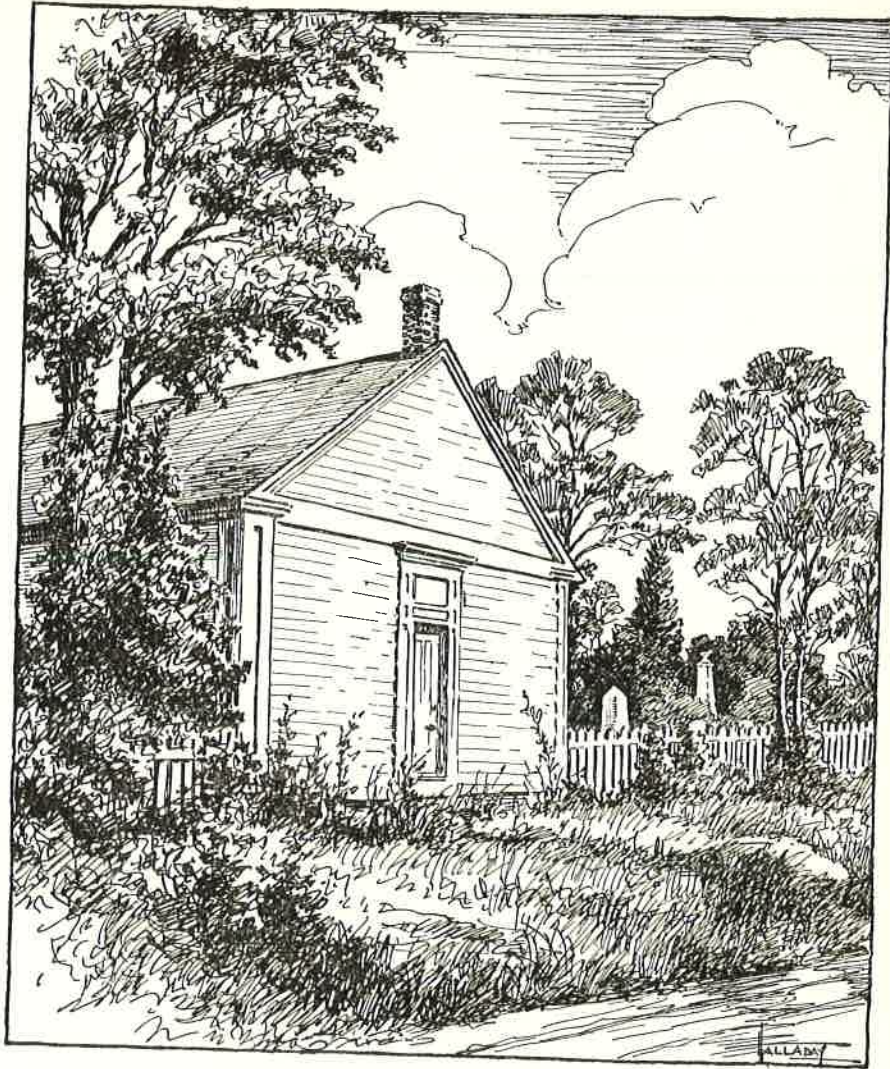
To which beauty now add a very thick lip,

And two clamshells immense which served him for ears

And you have the ensemble exciting her fears.

But by then it was too late for Polly to back out of her bargain, and that was how Apponaug lost its prize beauty.





OLD BAPTIST CHURCH — DAVISVILLE

Six Principle Baptists

IF you happen to be among those who believe vaguely and without having given the subject much thought that church unity is a desirable end, you would have found encouragement in the meeting on a Sunday afternoon at the Six Principle Baptist Church on Old Baptist Road, North Kingstown.

There were Baptists of all the chief local persuasions on the platform and in the congregation, which exceeded the capacity of the tiny building and overflowed among the gravestones at the side and rear. There were Hardshell Baptists, Six Principle Baptists and Freewill Baptists.

Perhaps also there were Seventh Day Baptists. Saturday is their day of worship, but nothing in their tenets forbids them attending services at churches of other beliefs, even though they are convinced the others are wrong on an important issue.

As it struck us, the deep significance of the meeting was that some of the lesser barriers within the Christian church are breaking down by natural processes. The Six Principle Baptists found their creed in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, Chapter 6, verses 1 and 2. The doctrines there set forth are:

“Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment.”

In those verses is just one difference in belief from the larger Baptist church, namely, the laying on of hands. It was enough, however, to cause a schism nearly 300 years ago and a separate organization. Today — and it seems to us a good idea — the point is not aggressively stressed one way or the other.

The Seventh Day Baptists, as everyone knows, believe Scripture directs that Saturday shall be observed as a holy day. The Free Will Baptists, according to our understanding, admit to communion those who have been baptized otherwise than by immersion.

The World Almanac lists something like 24 different varieties and organizations of Baptists in the United States. Many are highly localized. Some have quite incomprehensible names, such as the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, and the Duck River Baptists.

It is not difficult to believe all will unite eventually, with a little give and take on both sides but along the lines laid down by Roger Williams, Ezekiel Holliman and Pardon Tillinghast.

Williams is believed to have been the organizer of the society which finally found a home in the modest little building on Old Baptist road in North Kingstown. Whether or not he was a Six Principle Baptist doesn't greatly matter now. His latest biographer credits him with having been a Seeker most of his life, trying to discover the exact truth and never quite satisfied.

One thing about which there is no doubt at all is that he was a religious leader of liberal views. He may very well have thought that the question of laying on of hands was not important enough to split on, and if the people to whom he preached wanted to take it as a tenet that was their privilege.

Old reports of the Rhode Island and Massachusetts General Six Principle Baptist Association give 1665 as the year when the North Kingstown society was organized. That would have been following Williams's return from his last trip to England.

During that period of his life he made a practice, according to tradition, of going once a month to Richard Smith's block house, Cocumcussoc, to hold services. A little community had sprung up around the pioneer settlement. It was ten years before the great Indian war, and the red men whom Williams always was especially desirous of Christianizing swarmed in the neighborhood.

The North Kingstown society got its first pastor in 1666 — Elder Thomas Baker, one of the earliest pastors of the Second Baptist Church of Newport. Very possibly he crossed the bay at Williams's solicitation.

Baker continued to serve the organization until 1710. During the greater part of that time meetings must have been at Cocumcussoc. Certainly until after King Phillip's War there were few rooms in that section large enough for a service.

On the evidence at hand the Six Principle meeting house on Old Baptist Road is the oldest house of worship in the South County, antedating the old Narragansett Church by four years. As to whether or not it's the oldest church, that depends on what you mean by church and let's not go into that now.

The land on which it stands, a half acre, was deeded to the society in 1703 by Alexander Huling. He described it as "26 rods northeast from my now dwelling place in Kingstown." Huling's wife was a great-granddaughter of Richard Smith, builder of the blockhouse.

It is not unreasonable to presume that when the land was given the society was ready to build. Church records previous to 1766, if there were any, have disappeared, and there is no way of establishing the date of the building definitely.

The records which do remain tell of repairs ordered on the structure in 1773, suggesting that it had been standing for a number of years before that.

Again in 1842 extensive repairs and alterations were made. The carpenters who did the job worked according to the lights of their time. Ancient corner posts were covered up and every effort was put forth to modernize the place.

They could not alter the setting, however. Externally it is as it always must have been, perhaps rather more so — a small, square house of worship on an unused back road, with its graves huddled around it and the purple asters crowding up close to the front door. We recommend it to (a) poets in search of a subject; (b) dreamers who would like to recapture the past; and (c) an artist with the vision to see and depict the figures of whites, reds and blacks passing through its narrow door 230 years ago to hear about the Six Principles.



The Bone-Setting Sweets

SURELY there never was another family in Rhode Island so peculiarly gifted as the Sweets, natural bonesetters. Only recently we notice that since the death of Benoni Sweet at Wakefield the South County is without the benefit of their unique ministrations for the first time in two and one-half centuries.

There may be, and probably are, some of the Sweets still practicing their odd art in other places. It was a prolific family, which became widely scattered. At one time there were "Drs." Sweet at Wakefield, Newport, Fall River, New Bedford, Lebanon, Conn., and as far away as Utica, N. Y.

The medical fraternity has always held the Sweets in contempt, although rather needlessly it would seem since they were not in competition. With most of them bonesetting was a sideline to their regular occupations. One was a blacksmith, another a stone mason and so on. Here and there one made broken and dislocated bones, sprains and bruises his sole business.

The last at Wakefield was Benoni, who brought the family given name as well as the gift down to the present day. He succeeded to the practice of his brother, George Sweet, on George's death.

In the day of their father, William, the doctors made a concerted effort to get rid of Sweet. They put a General Practice Act through the Assembly imposing conditions to which no natural bonesetter then living could conform.

The Rowland Hazard of that time, however, nullified their efforts. He commanded influence enough to obtain a rider to the act specifically excepting the Sweets from its provisions as far as bonesetting was concerned, and scattered dwellers over a wide countryside continued to send for whichever Sweet was nearest whenever they broke a bone or threw out a joint.

If you happen to have listened to as many stories about the Sweets as we have, you must have arrived at similar convictions. The fundamental one certainly will be challenged by any right-thinking physician.

This is that the family has a genuine gift, which has been transmitted from one generation to another almost from the beginning of the colony.

The second is that, however efficient their technique may have been, it was crude and painful.

Just to give you an idea. A man near Liberty had dislocated his shoulder and George Sweet at Wakefield had been sent for. He took with him Capt. H. M. Knowles, who told us the story.

It was a crisp autumn night and neither had any clear idea of where they were going. "Dr." Sweet, however, said they would know the house because it would be lighted. En route passing a field where there were small pumpkins, he stopped the horse and collected one which he threw into his buggy.

After several miles driving, sure enough they reached a house with a lamp burning in the kitchen. Entering, they found a farmer walking up and down in great pain.

"Dr." Sweet had carried his pumpkin into the house. He put it in the oven to warm a little, told the man to take his shirt off and, tucking the pumpkin well up under his armpit, where it served as a fulcrum, caught hold of the arm, and gave a mighty pull and twist.

The victim howled with pain, but the shoulder joint had slipped back into place.

The story most frequently told of the Sweets concerns "Dr." Job's cure of Theodosia Burr, daughter of Aaron Burr, at the time Vice-President. Theodosia appears to have had congenital dislocation of the hip, the ailment for treatment of which Dr. Adolph Lorenz of Vienna obtained worldwide renown.

Her condition had baffled New York surgeons. "Dr." Job had become famous during the Revolution through working on some French officers at Newport. Burr sent for him.

Sweet often told the story later with attention to detail not possible here. He was presented to Theodosia on the night of his arrival in New York. The medical brotherhood had asked that the treatment be postponed until the following morning at 10 so they might learn how it was done.

This was not to Sweet's liking, however, so he said he asked the girl, in the presence of her father, to "let an old man put his hand on her hip." A few minutes manipulation restored the bone to position.

"Now walk about the room," he said, and to her amazement and her father's she found herself able to do so.

The Sweets appear to have had X-ray fingers and an instinctive knowledge of anatomy. Those endowed with the gift discovered it very early in life. We have listened to eye-witness stories that as school boys they would catch frogs, unhinge their leg joints and re-

store them for pure pleasure of practice. Nobody ever claimed the frogs liked it.

It was "Dr." Job who, passing through an anatomical museum at Boston, directed attention to the fact that a small bone in the foot of a human skeleton had been wired in place upside down. The statement was contradicted at first, but a little study proved him right.

Job was first of the family in South Kingstown. The founder of the family in America, James, coming from Wales in 1630, lived for a time in Providence before acquiring a farm on Ridge Hill, North Kingstown.

His son Benoni "heired" it, varying farming with bonesetting as demand arose. It was Benoni who in 1707 sold two acres of the farm for a site for the old Narragansett Church. He died at 90 in 1751, leaving a will drawn by Rev. Dr. James MacSparran notable for its prologue. It reads:

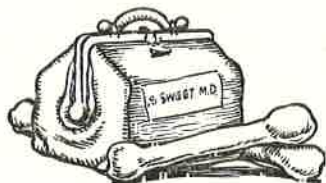
"I Benony Sweet of North Kingstown, Kings County, in His Majesty's Colony of Rhode Island, being in sound health of Body and of perfect mind and memory, but calling unto mind the mortality of my body, knowing it is appointed unto all men once to die, do make and ordain this my last will and testament.

"That is to say principally, first of all, I give and recommend my soul to the hand of God that gave it. My body I recommend to the earth to be buried with decent Christian Buryal in the cemetery of my family & ancestors at the discretion of my executor hereafter named, nothing doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again by the Almighty Power of God."

"Shepherd Tom" Hazard in his "Recollections of Olden Times" credits ghostly guidance with the skill of the Sweets in bonesetting. He was himself a convinced spiritualist, and had always on the table after his son's death a place set for him.

The medical profession doesn't credit them with much of anything except a rashness which urged them to rush in where better men feared to tread.

It's our idea there is a good deal more to it than that—an authentic gift, but painful in application.



The Great Swamp Fight

NOT many turn aside from the South County Trail to visit the scene of the Great Swamp Fight, although a passable road has been built through the swamp to the spot. Discouraging factors are that the entrance is a bit obscure, and that the way passes through the very dooryard of the Manchester farm. Pilgrims are properly reluctant about trespassing.

The site of the Swamp Fight is owned now by the Rhode Island Historical Society, a gift from the heirs of Rowland Hazard. There is an appropriately crude granite monolith to mark the spot, flanked by four granite cornerstones around the little tumulus. A tablet of slate placed by the Rhode Island Society of Colonial Wars is inscribed with a version of the action; another by the Historical Society commemorates Major Appleton, who commanded the Massachusetts forces.

Today, after lapse of more than two centuries and a half, there remain many obscurities in the story of this bloodiest of battles of which we have record on Rhode Island soil. There are conflicting accounts as to losses of whites and Indians. The generally accepted toll taken of the English is 67 to 71 dead and 150 wounded, out of 1000 participating.

Forty of the dead were buried in the Great Grave at Cosumcussoc. Eight wounded men died on Rhode Island, whither they had been taken, and three elsewhere. Twelve bodies were carried away from the Indian fort.

Whether they were among those interred at Cocumcussoc nobody knows certainly, but probably not. It was a terrible march of exhausted men from the Indian fort back to the Smith blockhouse at Wickford — 15 miles at the least through bitter cold and deep snow. Hubbard, writing his "Indian Wars" from the lips of participants shortly after the fight, says the snow lay two feet deep.

With 150 wounded to care for, it is unlikely the whites carried the dead farther than was necessary to get them away from the red men and the burning fort. The thought lends support to the story told us by Willett Sherman, who lives at the junction of the Kingston North Road, the Slocum and Wolf Rock Roads, and his narrative in turn tends to throw light into another dark corner of the old tale.

This is by what route the return from the Swamp Fight to Smith's was made. Tradition has had it that the exhausted English followed the old trail overlaid now by the highway joining South County Trail near the Clarke farm, crossing Kingston Hill and pursuing the Mooresefield Road over MacSparran Hill.

Mr. Sherman says, however, that in the pines at the north end of Hundred Acre Pond, near the old Sherman burial lot, are six unmarked graves which uninterrupted tradition in the Sherman family declares are those of victims of the Swamp Fight buried on the retreat.

The Shermans were the first settlers on Hundred Acre Pond, which appears on the old maps as Sherman's Pond. Tradition handed down so directly is not to be sneezed at. Moreover, there are supporting circumstances.

To take the trail over Kingston Hill it would have been necessary to ford the deep, seldom frozen Chepuxet. A trail along the west shore of Hundred Acre Pond would have been a shorter, more direct route back to the blockhouse. It would have led across a shallow wading place on the Yawgoo river which feeds from Slocum into Hundred Acre Pond. Such a wading place a little north of Wolf Rock road has been used within living memory.

From there the trail would have led to Slocum and into the Pequot Path at Allenton. It's a direct and logical route and we suspect the one followed on that dire retreat. And somewhere in the sand which now supports a dense pine growth are the remains of six dead from Indian missiles, probably still traceable because the soil is dry, but never to be identified.

Another minor mystery of the great fight is how Joshua Tefft (or Tift, if you choose) won his nickname of "Hatchet." Another father-to-son tradition we have heard lately throws light on this question.

Tefft, you may or may not remember, was a Rhode Islander who battled on the side of the Indians in the Swamp fight, was captured a few days later and hanged to the gatepost of Smith's blockhouse. Traitor they called him, and the name "Hatchet" Tefft has come down the centuries.

Larkin's Pond, where the Girl Scouts now have their permanent camp, used to be known as Tefft's Pond and very likely may have been where Joshua Tefft settled. It is on the eastern edge of the Great Swamp.

Tefft, according to the legend which reached our ears, believed the Indians were going to be successful in their war with the whites. For that reason he wanted to throw in with his red brothers.

They were suspicious, however, of his good faith. How could he prove he wouldn't give away their secrets? He couldn't think of any good way, so they suggested one — if he would kill his father they would be convinced he was the sort of jolly good fellow they wanted.

So he murdered his immediate ancestor with a hatchet and became a Red Man. When Capt. Fenner captured him on Jan. 14 Tefft said he had been taken by Canonchet and spared on condition of becoming Canonchet's slave. But his musket was found loaded with slugs, and he was hanged as a traitor, although to modern thought merely a prisoner of war.

Still, if that was the way he got his nickname "Hatchet," he apparently received justice on one count.



Rhode Island Names

A FRIEND passes along, take-it-or-leave it, what he avers to be a legend of the naming of the islands of the bay. A good many of them are oddly titled, and we happen never to have run across any credible explanations of how they got that way. Starvegoat Island off the Edgewood shore, for example, now called Sunshine Island, it has been told us was called Starvegoat in the first instance because there wasn't enough grazing on it to keep a goat alive.

Conanicut, largest of the group, perpetuates the Indian name, spelled phonetically. The settlers for the most part spelled everything, including their own names, phonetically, and their hearing, to judge by results, was none too acute. Hope Island, whose first owner was Roger Williams, probably was named by him, although it figures in the legend.

The story as we received it — our informant at the time was full of clams, which are stimulating to the imagination — was that a certain Bristol settler was exceedingly desirous of a son, but instead of realizing this ambition was blessed with four daughters. The firstborn he named Prudence, a good old New England name. The second he called Hope, not yet having relinquished his dream.

His third received the name Patience, that abstract virtue being in demand after triple disappointment. When the fourth girl came along he called her Despair. In time, and by some process not yet disclosed, these names were transferred to the islands of the middle bay, all lying more or less between Bristol and the west shore.

We don't say flatly that this a synthetic legend, but it bears the earmarks. Prudence Island was also owned by Roger Williams, who tried to get his friend, Gov. Winthrop of Plymouth, as partner in a hog farm there. Circumstances prevented realization of this dream. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to think of Roger sitting snugly before his fireplace of a snowy night figuring the possibilities of such an undertaking.

You know the formula — each sow gives birth to ten pigs, half of which are females which in turn give birth to ten apiece each year, and in no time at all there is pork enough to feed all the settlements along the coast and no need whatever for Chicago.

Prudence eventually was turned to other uses, and Hog Island

became the name of a smaller body of land entirely surrounded by water. This really was used for hogs.

There are two Gould Islands, one in the Sakonnet river, one in the bay off Portsmouth, both taking their names from early owners. Rabbit Island, a speck at the head of the Wickford north cove, used to be Queen's Island and the seat of an Indian social leader. It should have been a very pleasant summer abode if she didn't mind mosquitoes.

Probably it was in the mind of the city fathers, both the early ones and those of more recent times, that fixing the names of abstract qualities, especially virtues, to streets would help in demonstrating them. When Back street became important enough to be christened officially it became Benefit street, its layout benefiting a number of people.

Hope street, which was at the east end of the original home lots, may have been so called after the colony and State motto, or after one of the daughters of leading families who bore it. Friendship street is of the city's middle period, after development of the west side had got well under way. Peace and Plenty streets, of comparatively recent date, carry the old tradition along.

Strangers are struck by street names of this character, remember them and tell about them at their homes, thus helping to advertise Providence. They contribute materially to the quaint individuality of the city.

The style of the moment in naming the baby is to stick to the conventional and well-tried, with mild variations suggested by locality and family tradition. As for instance, Hope for a girl's name in Rhode Island — and in the opinion of this department an especially delightful one — and for a boy in the Westcott and Stafford families Stukely.

Old-timers liked to exercise their ingenuity on their helpless offspring. A searcher of old records has jotted down so many incalculable combinations that we have room for only a fraction of the list.

There was Atlantic Ocean Walton, for one. We have mentioned the quadruplets born in Foster, which were named Admirable, Remarkable, Wonderful and Strange. Also we remember to have referred to Aldebarontophoscoenia Bowen, who married Josiah Shapeley in 1825.

The Nichols family had two daughters, Amphyllus and Silence. In the Andrews family were three children, Reconcile, Perlonie and Asenath. Amantia and Porcella Smith belonged in North Kingstown, and Arehaba Wilcox was born in the neighboring town of Exeter in 1787.

Among the innocent babies who were forced to carry unusual names were Violate Potter, Submit Mathewson, Artless Arnold, Beloved Carpenter, a male child; Freegift Arnold, Fearnot King, Friendship Tyler, Happy Sally Barber, Marvelous Brown (male); Provided Chace, Question Tyler, Renewed Smith, Supply T. Holbrook, True-worthy Palmer and Yetmerry Stove.

All these were friends and neighbors of your own ancestors, or at least predecessors, in these plantations. In New York at the same period were Sobriety Hall, Relief Hays and Hunking Dame. Probably the youthful companions of these victims called them, as now, Red, Speck, Fatty, etc.

These names, although mostly of rather later than the Puritan era, are a carry-over from that time, the Puritans objecting to New Testament names as savoring a bit of the Roman Catholic Church. That was why they turned so freely to the Old Testament for such names as Shearjashub, Abimelech, Obadiah and the like.

In the Bay Colony the settlers went farther than in Rhode Island in giving their babies outrageous names, and in England the Puritans outdid the Massachusetts settlers. Safe-on-High, The-Lord-is-Near, Sin-denie and Joy-againe were among the milder, notes a compiler of the fashions on the other side.

The Barebone family was especially ingenious. It appears there were four brothers. Fear-God and Praise-God Barebone got off easy. The next was named Jesus-Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone, and the fourth If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone. He was commonly called "Damned" for short.

When Bible combinations failed to please parents made up names. In this category in Rhode Island fall Arteliza Collins, suggesting a combination of father's and mother's name; Azraiekam Pearce, Altitious Burlingame and Alberquise Allen.

Cifrientas Killey and Epaphroditus Bly lived hereabouts. So did Isaphene Saunders and Internella Alden. Marhershallalhashby Gorton has a heavy load to carry. It's a safe bet his boy friends called him Hash Bag. And imagine signing a letter, as one lady had to, "Yours truly, Minne Sota Cole."



More About Roger Williams's Trading Post

PROBABLY we never shall know why the earlier inhabitants of this state used the space under the attic floor boards for filing cabinets. It seems to have been a system.

Thus, not long after having reported the discovery of the literary remains of one Cooper under the floor of a Wickford house attic there comes to hand a flock of discolored, rat-nibbled papers from another even more ancient dwelling place a couple of miles away which reveal some facts about the private life of Abial F. Northup.

In the case of Mr. Cooper we hazarded a guess that he didn't want his wife to know how much he spent for spirituous liquors. Store receipts for frequent doses of the enemy constituted a considerable part of his cache.

This explanation does not hold for Mr. Northup. He did on one occasion commission John P. Babcock, the stage driver, to fetch him a couple of gallons of gin from Providence at 50 cents a gallon, plus 12½ cents for freight. But so far as the papers reveal that was all he had to drink between 1847 and 1860.

The house in which this latest batch of old records turned up is on the west side of the Post Road next south of the new State Police Barracks in North Kingstown. It is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. Shearman, who have named it the trading post for a reason which will excite you if you are anything of an antiquarian.

The reason is, briefly, because it is possible the rear end of the house, which clearly is the oldest part, actually was the trading post built by Roger Williams in 1642 and sold to Richard Smith in 1651, when the founder needed money with which to go to England to fight for Rhode Island's charter.

Williams had had a temporary trading post in the Narragansett Country before his first expedition to England in 1643. He came back more than 100 pounds in debt — upwards of \$3000 in the currency of today — and concluded his best chance of liquidating his expenses was further trade with the red man. The colony was too poor to recompense him.

So he bought from Canonicus a tract of land at Cawcawmsquisick — now known as Cocumcussoc — twenty miles south of Providence, and built a more enduring trading post. There he lived for eight years.

The ancient Pequot Path ran past his door, worn smooth by the moccasined tread of Indians for generations. There were beaver dams

nearby; deer, bear, wolves and smaller game roamed the wilderness which stretched unbroken on every side. Nearby was an untroubled harbor, now the upper end of the Wickford north cove.

Williams probably had a pretty good time at his retreat in the woods, in addition to turning a profit of about \$3000 a year in Indian trade. He wrote a good many letters, still preserved, dating them Narragansett or Cawcawmsquissick, expounded theology to the red men, wrote his Indain vocabulary and made occasional trips to Providence by canoe or pinnace.

For a reason no longer clear the site of the Fones house, on the west side of the Post Road two miles north of Cocumcussoc Farm, has been considered the spot where Williams planted his trading post. Elisha Potter in his dependable history of the Narragansett Country says Wilkins Updike, who got out the history of the old Narragansett Church, said it was there. He neither indorsed the idea himself nor questioned it.

There appears to be no scrap of evidence, however, to sustain the legend. It is easy to picture a couple of old gaffers gossiping over a jug of hard cider in the Fones house kitchen three or four generations ago, one mumbling that the house looked old enough to have been there since Roger Williams's day and the other — the owner — solemnly asserting, after a second or third jug, that it stood on the very foundations of the original trading post. After a fourth he would declare it was the identical house.

That's the way traditions are born sometimes.

There are plenty of reasons why the trading post should have been near or exactly where Mr. Shearman's house stands. An important one is that the founder did most of his traveling by water and would have been unlikely to establish himself a couple of miles from the shore.

Trading as he was, he must have had heavy loads of skins to transport, and supplies to bring from Providence. There were plenty of sturdy Narragansetts to carry burdens for him, but even so there appears no advantage in getting far from the water.

Then there is the matter of Williams's letter to Governor John Winthrop.

This letter was written from Narragansett probably in April or May, 1649. It had to do with a dispute between the Bay Colony and the Indians. His Massachusetts persecutors were always asking Williams to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. In this letter the founder writes to Governor Winthrop at Boston:

"This Mr. Smith's pinnace (that rode here at your being with us)

went forth the same morning to Newport, bound for Block Island, Long Island and Nayantick for corn."

From the Fones house site it would have been impossible to see "this Mr. Smith's pinnace," which seemingly Williams and Winthrop had seen riding at anchor when Winthrop was last down. But from Mr. Shearman's house, barring trees, there would have been a clear view, as there is now when the leaves have fallen.

The shores of the bay are believed not to have been as well wooded in those days as now. Governor Winthrop in 1634 reports John Oldham, a trader with the Indians — who later killed him, and very justly, we suspect, off Block Island — as telling him that the shores of Narragansett Bay were all "champaign" (that is treeless land) for many miles. Not only were the Narragansetts planters, but they were too foxy to leave cover for their enemies, the Pequots, close to their villages, which were scattered all over the countryside where Williams settled.

Williams sold his trading post in 1651 to Richard Smith for 50 pounds — say \$1500. It seems unlikely Smith would have paid that sum for a one room and loft cabin in the forest, to be moved a couple of miles to where Smith's block house, now Cocumcussoc, stood.

The Smith lands extended southward from the block house, not north to where the Fones house is now. Perhaps — even probably — Smith paid his 50 pounds for the land Williams got from Canonicus rather than for the trading post, which wasn't worth that much.

Smith is credited with having been the first settler in the Narragansett country, in 1637 or 1639, whichever date you like best. It is on the records, however, that he was an office holder both in New Amsterdam and in Portsmouth between 1640 and 1650. Not improbably he was an agent for the Dutch, buying a foothold among "the thickest of the Indians."

The house itself is worth a bit of study as you drive south on the Post road. Look at the north side of the rear and you see clearly the outline of one of the old one room and loft cabins which were the first civilized homes in the colony.

The great chimney of field stone shows the slope of the roof on its east side. At the west of the chimney probably was a ladder leading to the loft. The door would have opened to the south.

Just north of the house is Cocumcussoc Brook, running musically down through the woods to the shore. It is highly agreeable to us to believe that this ancient structure actually was Williams's trading post, spared by the Indians in King Philip's War, when they burned everything else south of Providence and most of that settlement, because of their friendship with Roger.

**Revolt Against The Constitution*

OF all the Fourths of July Rhode Island has observed in its own quaint, individual fashion we incline to pick that of 1788 as the most exciting. That was the one, as you may or may not remember, when the country folks came into Providence and threatened to shoot the place up if a proposed celebration on the flats at the foot of Smith's Hill was held.

The trouble grew out of differences of opinion about the constitution of the United States, regarding which Rhode Islanders are feeling strongly again. It probably won't get to talk of gunplay this time because citizens don't take their politics quite as hard as the fathers did. Although it's difficult sometimes to believe that.

Just to renew your memory of circumstances, a constitution had been draughted and submitted to the 13 states with instructions that they were to pass on it in conventions. Approval by nine meant adoption. Rhode Island opinion split pretty sharply between Providence, which was pro-constitution, and the rest of the state, which was anti.

News reached Providence June 24 that New Hampshire, the ninth state, had voted in favor of the constitution. The town, then embracing between 6000 and 7000 inhabitants, had a celebration.

All day long the church bells rang, from the First Baptist, from St. John's which still was known as King's Church, the name not changing until six years later, and from Beneficent Congregational. Throughout the day cannon salutes were fired from Federal Hill, then thickly wooded.

Schools were dismissed and Brown University students paraded. Three days later at a meeting of citizens it was decided to celebrate simultaneously Independence Day and the adoption of the constitution, with a morning service at the First Baptist, the biggest auditorium in town, an address by Rev. Enos Hitchcock, pastor of the First Congregational at Benefit and College Streets, where the court house stands now, and a barbecue on Job Smith's flats, known as Federal Plains.

The Fourth that year fell on Friday. The United States Chronicle of the preceding Thursday and the Providence Gazette of Saturday carried invitations to all citizens, in town and country alike, to join in making a real party.

Leading men of Providence chipped in for an ox for the barbecue and the incidentals of a large spread. Under an awning on Federal Plains a table more than 1000 feet long was laid. The roasting of the ox began on the day before the Fourth.

That evening, however, disquieting rumors spread through the town. They were that the countryside had risen in opposition to celebrating adoption of the constitution, and was advancing on Providence to prevent it by force.

The story as circulated was that an armed force of anywhere from 1000 to 3000 men lurked in the woods on Fruit Hill and Smith's Hill prepared to attack. People who didn't feel strongly enough about the matter one way or another to lose any of their own blood kept close to their houses. A good many nervous ones didn't sleep a wink all night.

It turned out that there actually was more reason for alarm than ordinarily when such sensational stories circulate. A considerable force of men and boys under substantial leadership had gathered in the woods, some with guns, some with clubs.

William West, one of their committee, a judge of the Superior Court, said they numbered 1000. Messrs. Jabez Bowen, John I. Clark, Welcome Arnold and Zephaniah Andrews, described the turnout merely as "some disorderly persons with loaded guns." Other testimony put the number at 300, with probability of large increments by morning.

Whether 300 or 3000, it was a large enough army to occasion deep concern, so about 11 o'clock on the evening before the Fourth a committee headed by Squire Bowen went out to Col. Christopher Olney's house, the Colonel being one leader of the opposition, to see what could be done about it.

They talked things over until midnight. The anti-constitution leaders said they had no objection to a celebration of Independence Day, but wouldn't stand for one of the constitution or of the approval of it by any state.

The town's committee, out-numbered and certainly considerably alarmed by the show of arms, agreed to appointment of committees by both sides for a further conference in the morning. Meeting then at 7 or 8 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, the Providence representatives acceded to a protocol the terms of which were that Independence alone should be celebrated, that there should be just 13 toasts and a discharge of just 13 cannon, and that no toasts or salutes should be accorded the constitution or any state which supported it.

Providence was saved from being shot up, as almost certainly it

*This was the last article written by Mr. Clauson and was unpublished at the time of his death.

would have been but for the meeting. The Providence committee very handsomely invited their opponents to share the barbecue and some accepted. Other's ate at Hoyle's Tavern at Cranston and Westminster streets, and those without the price went home hungry.

Jabez Bowen and the others representing Providence wound up their published statement of the incident with these comments:

"Unhappy indeed are the times into which we are fallen, when armed violence is preferred to the laws of the land even by those whose duty it is to administer them.

"Such is the nature of the human mind that after a habit of sporting with the properties of mankind it rises to such a pitch of depravity as to sport with their lives."

The forced backdown on the barbecue plans didn't prevent Providence from celebrating Virginia's approval of the constitution the very next day, July 5, with cannon salutes, bell ringing and a parade of 1000, including small boys. On the 29th of July New York's accession was uproariously acclaimed, and North Carolina's a little later.

Then Rhode Island enjoyed nearly two years of being a self-contained empire without national affiliations. It proved worse than the worst which had been said about the constitution.



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